ORONET

FENSE

Beginning with this issue

CARDINAL ROCK by Richard Sale

A New Streamlined Novel of Treachery in the Pacific



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Irma Wilson, one of the girls featured in The Great Ziegfeld, was a charter member of a club formed by players who vowed to remain single, and to place career before matrimony. A vacation trip to Havana, however, and an introduction to the head of one of the prominent airline companies changed all that for her. She gave up her promising movie career and now is living happily in Miami, Florida, as Mrs. G. T. Baker. Incidentally, she has learned to fly. Joe Setton of San Francisco has caught her fresh loveliness in a special pose for Coronet's cover.



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Religious services must compete with movies and crap games for a soldier's time—but Uncle Sam's two-fisted chaplains are licking the problem

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The Army Goes to Church

by ALICE BODWELL BURKE

PRIVATE Jimmy O'Keefe had pulled many a fast one. But even Chaplain John O. Lindquist, director of chaplains for the Second Corps Area, was surprised to receive an application from O'Keefe for three days' leave to observe the Jewish holidays. Chaplain Lindquist gave the application his official O. K. but he was prepared for a phone call from the counter-signing commanding officer.

"Certainly, O'Keefe's a Catholic," Lindquist agreed. "But I'd appreciate it if you'd let him go. I've a plan for dealing with him when he comes back."

Soldier O'Keefe was summoned as soon as he returned to camp. His eyes dropped as the chaplain's stare gradually took on the fierceness of a wounded lion's.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Lindquist roared. "Lying about your religion to get a vacation? What will Chaplain O'Brien think of you?".

O'Keefe's face was as red as his hair.

"I—I didn't think of it that way, sir. I—are you going to tell Chaplain O'Brien?"

"You're going to tell him yourself when you go to confession this afternoon—and I want you to go to Mass tomorrow morning. Report back before noon tomorrow and tell me that you've gone."

Late the next afternoon Chaplain

Alice Bodwell Burke, daughter of newspaper writers, "grew up" in Boston city rooms, with side trips to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where she studied painting; to the stage, when she played in Strike. She was on the staff of two newspapers before she was 21, studied at Radcliffe (Class of '39), and, while an undergraduate, spent a year as assistant to the editor of the Committee on Youth Problems, U. S. Office of Education. She has been a manufacturer of pictorial maps of her own design, and a free lance writer for Eastern papers.

Lindquist telephoned the boy's commanding officer.

"I just want to tell you that Private Jimmy O'Keefe went to church this morning for the first time in three years. Chaplain O'Brien and I have been worried about the boy. Thanks for cooperating."

If Jimmy O'Keefe had chosen to resist the disciplinary measures inspired by his deceit, Chaplain Lindquist could not have had them enforced. There is no coercion and no penalty for the religious backslider in the United States Army. But this instance is typical of the military clergy's man-to-man knowledge of the individual, which has brought many thousands of soldiers—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant — back to their churches during the past year.

A recent report of the General Commission of Army and Navy Chaplains finds the Army the most religious segment of our national population. At Fort Dix, New Jersey, which is typical of garrisons in the northeast, 45% of the men attend church regularly.

The story behind the Army's regeneration of faith is essentially the story of its spiritual leaders. It is highlighted all the way through by a notable religious liberalism. The Army insists that its chaplains be good soldiers first, then ministers to all men, regardless of denomination.

A church cannot be represented in the Army by its ordained ministers until it can claim 1% of the personnel on its rolls. For example, the peacetime Army had not enough Jews to claim a Jewish chaplain; the present corps of chaplains includes 28 rabbis; the quota to be filled in the future calls for 40. The 1,500 members of the Chaplains' Corps represent 27 of the 261 sects in the United States.

Being good soldiers, in the case of the chaplains, means functioning as jacks-of-all-trades in the human services not otherwise provided by the Army for its men. The chaplains have the strongest personal influence of any men in the United States Army, yet they have no right to shoulder the most obsolete of rifles; no authority to issue the simplest military order. Their influence lies in their ability and readiness to shoulder personal problems as bankers, teachers, lawyers; in their understanding direction as friends to the sick or troubled, to men suddenly uprooted from jobs and homes.

James H. O'Neil, director of chaplains for the First Corps Area, relates a typical anecdote. He was accidentally accosted by a rookie-draftee, who asked where a check might be cashed.

"I've got my last three weeks' pay from my civilian job," the rookie boasted, "and my buddy and I are going to blow it in town. I won't be this flush again while I'm in the Army and after I get out I'll have to watch my pennies, for I'm getting married then."

"The Red Cross has a cashier and banking service," the chaplain said. "I'm going that way and will introduce you."

"I don't want any banking service."
"Well, they'll cash your check for



you. But a bank account is something to have, especially to a fellow who's getting married."

At the Red Cross building, the rookie had to await his turn. The chaplain showed him the reading room, casually picked up a household furnishings catalogue from a magazine table.

"I suppose this is left here for you bridegrooms-to-be," he bantered.

By the time the soldier's turn came at the cashier's window, he had decided to bank the greater portion of his check.

"Maybe you'll find some entertainment at your church here in camp to make up for doing the town," the chaplain suggested.

The soldier said he wasn't a churchgoer; hadn't been in ten years. Besides, he was a Methodist. Chaplain O'Neil gave him a schedule of Methodist services and social events. The soldier dropped in to the service the very next Sunday, explaining that his first bank book made him feel like a stable citizen. He became one of the most active Methodists at the camp.

Military ministers serve generally as ministers of personal finance. The outcome of these chores of good fellowship brings men to the church so spontaneously as to highlight one of the slogans of the United States Mint: "In God We Trust." A spectacular instance occurred recently at a camp in Texas, where an Indian draftee from Oklahoma approached a young regimental cleric and handed him a check for \$25,000.

"We're goin' on maneuvers this afternoon an' I wish you'd keep this dividend from my oil well 'til I can get to the bank in Houston," he said.

The chaplain kept the check on his person until the Indian returned from the field. Thereafter, he was made custodian of all the new friend's valuables. One Sunday a few weeks ago the draftee called on the chaplain with a beautiful, black-eyed girl.

"Me and my Cherokee princess want you to marry us," he announced. "We got the license. But we want to join your church first. You're the most honest guy I know, so what you preach must be true, too."

MANY A SOLDIER sees religion, for the first time, as a personal revelation of the sustaining force of masculine strength and courage of heart. Such a dramatic insight came into the life of

a boy in a Maryland camp, who planned to take examinations for West Point and approached a Catholic chaplain for tutoring in algebra. Chaplains are required to serve as lay teachers in all academic high school subjects, from geometry to Greek.

Now it happened that the padre never had acquired any more algebra than the amount which had flunked him in high school, but the job was his and he took it. By cramming one lesson ahead of his student he managed to discharge his tutorship. The soldier passed the West Point mathematics exam with flying colors. After it was all over the priest confessed that he hadn't known x from y when they started. The draftee was dumbfounded.

"Why, how could you teach it so well? You were so clear and sure, you made it that way to me."

"Just a matter of faith in an emergency, I guess," the chaplain answered. "I believed that I couldn't cause you to fail."

"Well, I'm no Catholic," the soldier announced, "but if faith can give a man that kind of confidence, I'm going to my own church."

He went, and kept on going.

Another Army regulation demands that devotional services be available for the personnel of the entire command. By custom, each of the United States Army's "ministers to all men" holds two services each Sunday or Sabbath: one of his own denomination and a second service of general inspirational appeal. The chaplains arrange transportation for men who

wish to attend the nearest service of their own sect—and even import a minister when it is feasible.

THE EASY informality between chaplain and soldier that inspires men to go to church must be carried into chapel to induce them to come back. Warmth, color, drama and an essential masculinity are the qualities to which soldiers are most responsive.

"We're competing with the movies and the crap games," says Chaplain Lindquist. "Our cue is to battle them with their own weapons. We try to make the men's own struggles seem as colorful and important as the canned drama of the movies."

Chaplain Lindquist has an anecdote out of his own experience at the Zoo that he repeats frequently in sermons to illustrate how innocentseeming pleasures can develop into violent vices:

It seems that Lt. Col. Lindquist called one day on a friend, the keeper of the tigers, who offered the minister a new-born tiger kitten as a present for his children. The chaplain was delighted with the soft, appealing, funny little thing. He thought it would be a lovely and unusual pet for his youngsters. But suddenly a horrible screeching and snarling stopped him in his tracks. In the caged-in runway along his path, two grown tigers were tearing at each other in the most furious fight Chaplain Lindquist ever had witnessed. He went along home without the soft little kitten, which one day would be a full-grown tiger.

Helping to keep men out of trouble

is the great aim of all ministry. Occasionally, the chaplain is called upon to get men out of serious trouble as a lay defender for military prisoners.

Chaplain Lindquist recalls how an interest in religion took a sharp rise after he had been able to procure a suspended sentence for a soldier who was AWOL for six months. The soldier, harassed by pleading letters from his needy family, had walked out of an Ohio camp and obtained a boomer's job on the railroad. The fact that he had been a temporary deserter was unarguable. But when Chaplain Lindquist exhibited money order stubs as evidence of the man's motive, the court martial suspended sentence.

Sick soldiers get the visiting chaplain to write their letters home, including love letters. Most chaplains have acquired, from long practice, a facility at writing the tender missive that is at a premium, and occasionally an inarticulate rookie will fake illness to procure the parson's secretaryship.

THE FIRST American ministers called to the colors by George Washington during the Revolution were contracted for, as were surgeons. They were rankless. Present day chaplains begin Army service with the rank of first lieutenant. After being appointed through their denominational boards, they are examined and chosen by an anonymous staff under Chief of Chaplains (at present Brig.-Gen. William Richard "Father Will" Arnold). Chaplains are automatically promoted, according to length of service, and the highest rank as colonels.

Whether he wears one silver bar, the oak leaf or the silver eagle, the Army clergyman is never addressed by his rank. He is always called "Chaplain." Unlike other officers, he does not insist upon the salute from his men, though he usually gets it. The enormous scope of their duties makes chaplains the only ranking officers in the Army who are not experts in some branch of military science. Nevertheless they are required to have an exact and comprehensive knowledge of the latest military tactics.

If a truck overturns on a march, the chaplain must know at once its position in the file, its traveling speed, the distante and time to be consumed up or down the line to reach it. He must know code and should be able to operate a radio and other signal apparatus. In order to remain close to his men under battle conditions, he must be able to read field maps.

In the science of human understanding, no other army in the world has a better hand-picked group of experts than the liberal officers of the church who comprise the Chaplains' Corps of the United States Army. On their shoulders (which, according to Army physical requirements, have to be broad and strong) rests most of the responsibility for maintaining the morale of our fighting men.

"There's nothing strange about the men in the Army turning so strongly to religion," Chaplain Lindquist said. "Who, more than good soldiers, recognize and turn to a higher authority for everything in their daily lives?"

The Best & Know

Favorite anecdotes of celebrated personalities, as chosen from The Best I Know, a collection edited by Edna B. Smith, with caricalures by Xavier Cugat





There is hardly a traveler
who at some time
or other hasn't
realized that language plays havoc
with even the most

seasoned linguist. English is still English, whether spoken by an American or a native of the British Isles. But is it? The following incident is well in point.

Two American tourists traveling in England were standing in a tram car for the simple reason that all the seats were filled. Finally an elderly English lady and her daughter began gathering together their belongings, preparing to get off at the next street.

Suddenly the English lady nudged her daughter and whispered in evident trepidation:

"Mary, mind what I tell you. When we get off, do just as I do, and back down out of the car. I can't tell you why now."

Dutifully the daughter obeyed, and they both backed their way out of the car down to the street. Safely arrived on the pavement, the daughter naturally asked the reason for her mother's strange request and action.

"Mary," said the mother. "You saw those two Americans? Well, when we started to get out I overheard one of them say to the other: 'When those two dames get off we'll pinch their seats!"

—Louis Sobol Manhattan columnist and playwright.

M. GOLDBERG, returning from Europe, was assigned by the head steward to a table for two. Here he was presently joined by a polite Frenchman who, before sitting down, bowed, smiled, and said, "Bon appetit." Not to be outdone, Mr. Gold-

berg rose, bowed, and said, "Gold- berg."

This little ceremony was repeated at each meal. On the fourth day, Mr. Goldberg confided his complexity to a man in the smoking lounge:

"It was like this, you see. The Frenchman tells me his name—Bon Appetit—and I tell him my name—Goldberg. So we are introduced. That is good. But why keep it up day after day?"

"Oh—but you don't understand, Mr. Goldberg," replied the other. "Bon appetit isn't his name. It means 'I hope you have a pleasant meal."

"Thanks," said Goldberg.

That night Mr. Goldberg arrived late for dinner. Before sitting down he bowed formally, and said, "Bon appetit."

And the Frenchman rose, smiled, and murmured, "Goldberg."

—LLOYD C. DOUGLAS Clergyman and author of Magnificent Obsession.

A DEAF old farmer attended a political meeting. He was a little late and the candidate's address was well under way when he arrived. He had to sit in the rear of the hall, where he couldn't hear a thing. After a half hour of, to him, inaudible oratory the farmer turned to a neighboring auditor.

"Zeke," he asked, "what's he talkin' 'bout?" and Zeke shook his head and replied sadly:

"He don't say."

-Frederic F. Van De Water Author of We're Still in the Country, Fathers Are Funny, etc.



THE HARASSED attaché of the American Consul at Lisbon swears this happened: A small, shy little man leaned con-

fidentially across his desk and said, "Please, Mister, could you tell me if there is any possibility that I could get entrance to your wonderful country?"

The attaché, pressed by thousands of such requests and haggard with sleepless nights, roughly replied, "Impossible now. Come back in another ten years!"

The little refugee moved toward the door, stopped, turned and asked, with a wan smile, "Morning or afternoon?"

-WALTER WINCHELL

Nor Long Ago, Mr. Pollock came out of a theater and encountered his old friend James T. Powers. "Jimmy" used to be a very popular comedian, but Pollock hadn't seen him in nearly twenty years. Powers said: "Have you five minutes? I'd like you to meet my wife. No one else in the world admires you as my wife does. She says you're the greatest author in America; she reads every line that you write. And she thinks you're the most exciting lecturer anywhere; she traveled 100 miles once just to hear you speak."

Then "Jimmy" took Mr. Pollock over to his wife and said, "Darling, I want you to meet Heywood Broun."

—CHANNING POLLOCK
Dramatist and author of The Adventures of
A Happy Man.

Streamlined Novel:



Cardinal Rock

A radio warning, a gun shot clear and sharp—and the first in this four-part streamlined story of adventure along the Java coast is off to an exciting start.

Part I

THE ISLAND of Java had loomed low over the horizon and the buildings of Chilatjap began to take on bulk, and still Dr. Steven Mason had not received any wireless message from his friend Brooke.

He stood on the deck and watched Java grow up out of the sea, a green and fecund island of ridges and probing dark shadows, of thatched huts and scarlet brightness of hibiscus.

Steve was worried. He had had no word from Brooke in answer to the wireless he had sent. He went to the ship's radio shack, knocked on the door and went in. The radio officer was a young Australian. Steve asked,

"I wondered if you had an answer for me from Chilatjap as yet?"

"Not a word, doctor," said the radio officer.

"Are you sure?"

"Fair dinkum," smiled the officer.
"I copy what comes in, sir, and no one has called me. Sorry."

Steve nodded and returned to the deck. He paced it all the way into Chilatjap's harbor where, by noon, the anchor was on its way down, trilling noisily until it splashed.

From where he stood, Steve could see two boats coming out. One was obviously the craft of the pratique doctor of the port. The other looked to be Brooke's boat. It had to be. Only Brooke would have owned a boat as fine as that.

He hadn't seen Latham Brooke in four years, since his last field trip in the Dutch East Indies. It was going to be good to see Brooke again. He walked down the deck to where the Jacob's ladder was being dropped over the side. He fancied Brooke in a multi-colored sarong, existing on breadfruit and bananas, and gone thoroughly native. He recalled a letter Brooke had sent once, after being stationed in Chilatjap for public health control.

". . . Out here, good clean lust is socially fit. The girls are roguish and charming. Their feet are too big and their teeth too infrequent, but withal they have splendid bodies and a passionate fondness for children. Indeed, where I came to fight hookworm, I have ended as an obstetrician, and I have done my best to boom business myself. Of course, since Lindsey, my sister, joined me out here, a restraining influence has been exerted upon my affairs. She insists upon a parcel of respectability on my part. It is sad to see . . ."

The fisherman came alongside. It was a beautiful boat, with thirty-foot duralumin outriggers on either beam, its length around forty feet. He could see by the wake that it was twin screw, and its fittings were the finest. But no sign of Brooke. Instead of Brooke, there was a lovely girl at the flying bridge, her golden hair whipping out behind her in the breeze.

She handled the boat like an expert, bringing it alongside, managing to get the bumpers on the beam for protection, then casting a line to the deck hand by the ladder to hold her fast. When she was safely tied up, she raised her face up toward the deck and called, "I want Dr. Steve Mason! Is he up there?"

"Right here!" Steve called, startled: He leaned over.

"Hi!" she called. "I've orders to take you aboard here and introduce you to the fuller life. I'm Lindsey, Dr. Steve. Lath asked me to pick you up. Come aboard as soon as the pratique doctor says you're O.K."

There was little delay in that particular ceremony, since the pratique doctor was well aware of Steven's identity and also his renowned work in the prevention, detection and healing of all the tropical diseases. In a matter of ten minutes, Steve's luggage had been transferred to the cockpit of the fisherman, and he himself, after a few hasty farewells, climbed down the ladder and jumped aboard.

Lindsey Brooke asked him to hang on, and they sped away from the beam of the ship. "Come up here," she said.

Steve Mason climbed up to the flying bridge. He could feel the wind against his face. He stared at her with strange satisfaction. She was very pretty, dressed in blue dungarees, her features as delicate as porcelain, but her tanned arms obviously strong. She handled the helm like an expert, keeping the needle steady on the compass card. "You don't remember me, do you?" she asked.

She had a direct manner he liked: Steve replied, smiling. "I know you're Brooke's sister, he often spoke of you, but I don't think we ever met—"

"That's a fine thing," she said. She smiled. "I met you in New York once. But that was easily six years ago—"

"I remember," Steve said. "Good Lord, you shouldn't hold me accountable for a six year lapse. Besides, you were not quite the girl then that you are now."

"Pretty words, Dr. Steve, and Brooke said your compliments would be as heavy as your fine dignity. Well, it is true, I hadn't reached my majority then, but I'm past it now."

"And much the better for it," Steve said warmly. "This is a damned pleasant surprise. Where is Brooke?"

"He had to make a sea trip, Dr. Steve, but he's due back in Chilatjap in the morning."

Since they did not head for the shore and Chilatjap, but backtracked across the lagoon toward an island, Steve said, "Where away, sailor? I don't think I got all my baggage, the way you rushed me."

"You've got it all, and we're bound for Kambangan," she said. "We live over there. If you look sharp, you'll see the house way up on that hill."

They reached the open sea, and the boat began to feel the motion of the long swells.

"This matchbox does all right," Steve said. "She handles better than the beast that brought me here."

"She probably cost more," Lindsey Brooke murmured with a rueful smile. "Do you smell the land?" It smelled good. There was an exotic and somewhat sensuous odor of grass and flowers in the white mist air. Steve breathed deeply. It was different from the heavy salt scent of open sea. "What does Brooke call this matchbox?" he asked.

"M'ao," she said. "Shark. She's his only sport. And mine. We like big game fishing, do a lot of it, Steve. If you've a mind we'll give you a show against some of the biggest marlin in the world, unless Brooke interests you in Cardinal Rock instead."

"What on earth is Cardinal Rock?"
"It's the island," Lindsey said,
"where Lath has gone. To be perfectly frank, Steve, I'm worried about
him. He called me by radio once and
said he had arrived safely, but since
then I've had no word at all. I keep
getting a feeling—woman's intuition
maybe—that something is dreadfully
wrong. I'll tell you what I mean
later. Here we are!"

MIDWAY up the slope, Brooke's home squatted amidst bent green palms. The location of the house commanded a view not only of the sea below, and the mooring where the M'ao had been tied up, but also the serpentine trail which led up into the hills from the sea. It was hot. The air was dead and humid.

The house was nothing much considering Brooke's comfortable income. It was rather ramshackle, a thatched roof over shingles, clap-board front, unpainted, all one level, two bicycles

by Richard Sale

out in front. "I would have thought,"
Steve said drily, "that with his taste
for things grandiloquent, he would
have fashioned a Norman castle on
this headland. Lath used to have a
flair for such things."

"There is one in these islands," Lindsey said, troubled. "Not Norman, but a genuine castle for all of that, transported stone by stone from England."

"Where is it?"

"Cardinal Rock."

"Cardinal Rock again," said Steve quietly. "Seems to be on your mind." "It is."

Her voice was strange, and there was something in her eyes which bothered him. "Why, Lindsey?"

"In these remote places, the only means of communication is radio. You can understand that?"

"Sure."

"Lath has a transmitter here. He and I are both licensed amateurs. Out there—" she waved her hand vaguely south, into the reaches of the Indian Ocean "—on Cardinal Rock, a man named John Hedwick also has a receiver and a transmitter. He is two hundred miles from here, Steve. Alone. Lath and I are the only souls in this world he can talk to. We're the only souls in this world could help him if anything went wrong with him."

"Why in God's name," asked Steve slowly, "did the guy isolate himself like that?"

"Because he was sick of civilization. He is a bacteriologist—British. His father was a peer—died leaving him millions. He bought the island."

"Bought it?"

"Yes. For a million pounds sterling. It flies the British flag, of course, but it was uninhabited. No food on the place. Not self-sustaining. He bought it and erected a beautiful home on it, the material coming from Singapore and Sumatra and Java. He contacted Lath-oh, a long time ago-before I ever came out. They became fast friends on the air. They never met. There was a packet from Batavia which went out to Christmas Island and the Cocos, and he would tell Lath what he wanted, over the air, and Lath would have the stuff sent to him via this packet, every three months.

"The war disrupted that. But somehow he managed to make out.

"Every day Lath talked with him.



It began four years ago. They arranged a certain time. They always maintained communication. If one couldn't make it the next day, he would say so."

"Yes?"

"We have heard no word from him for nine days." Lindsey said it as one would say an obituary.

"It's fantastic," Steve said.

"No, quite real," Lindsey said:
"Three days ago, we were listening
for him on the receiver and we thought
we heard his carrier come on. We
waited, excitedly, and sure enough,
it was he. His voice came through incredibly weak. He wanted help. He
had fallen, broken a leg, and for days
had been unable to reach even food,
much less his switches and microphone. But finally he made it. He
pleaded with Lath to come and help
him. It was agonized and pathetic.

"Lath expected you, of course, but what could he do? He took the other boat, smaller but much faster, and medicines and what not, and off he went in the Star. It was a fast cabin cruiser he sometimes used to visit the natives throughout the island when there was an epidemic of any sort. He was supposed to report to me daily by radio—both boats are equipped—and the only message I had from him was when he sighted Cardinal Rock. He called me and said he had arrived safely and would call again that night. That was two days ago, and no word."

"Oh well," Steve said, "he didn't get a chance to call, most likely."

"But he said he'd be back tomorrow morning," she answered. "I should have thought he'd have called when he left or was ready to leave."

"Let's see this radio outfit of yours," Steve said. "And what is this fellow's name down on Cardinal Rock?"

"John Hedwick," Lindsey said. "Come on in here—to the den of Loki."

The Den was an amazing room. One end of it had the radio equipment built into the wall. The steel panels had a crackled gray finish, and the various meters—oscillator, buffer, amplifier, modulator—looked out through the steel like argus-eyes. At a desk in front of the transmitter, there was a fine receiver, a chrome-plated microphone, and a big wireless key, along with a log and scratch pads. To the right of the desk was the auto-alarm and a recording table with the cutting head resting on a blank disc.

Steve said, "I thought they stopped your transmitting when war came."

"They did. But due to Hedwick's isolation, special permission was granted by the Netherlands communications control to allow us to contact him. And he was given permission by the British. It's likely—" She stopped and stared. Her eyes began to widen. "Look! Steve—the record!"

Steve glanced at the record. There were shavings on it and a thin line of grooves.

"It's been cut," Steve said.

"Yes!" She cried. "He must have called me when I was down the bay

by Richard Sale

in the M'ao for you. I left the auto alarm on, so that Latham could call me even when I wasn't here, and the recorder would cut his voice on the record. We'll play it back!"

She rushed to the recorder and lifted off the cutting head—then put the play-back head with its needle into the first groove.

There was nothing for a moment but a sibilant hissing as the needle scratched along. Then Latham Brooke's voice broke in, low, urgent, whispering, so that it was not too distinct or loud.

It repeated the call letters a few times and then said, "Lindsey—Lindsey—it's Lath. For the love of heaven, get this—I'm alive and well but I've fallen into the most sinister—Hedwick has told me the most fantastic secret—you must get information through at once to—" His voice was lost in a confusion of sound and another voice calling, "Get away from that transmitter!" And then they heard Latham Brooke for the last time, "Lindsey—you must get help—" Then a shot,

crisp, clean and sharp. No mistaking it. A single shot. Then nothing more.

Lindsey Brooke stopped the machine, for the needle had reached blankness. There were no more cut grooves. Her face shown with its sudden paleness, and her chin quivered.

Steve Mason said, "Take it easy, Lindsey." He caught her arms and held her firmly, for she was shaking. "Something's wrong—but what?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know what he meant at all. Steve, I'm frightened." She pulled away from him and went to the door and called the houseboy. She began to talk to the houseboy rapidly in Malayan. Steve heard a few words, "Lekas," and "Jaga baik baik." The boy dashed out and disappeared.

"What are you doing?" Steve asked.
"Having the boat fueled and provisioned," she said. She was quiet now, and very grave. "The M'ao. I'm sailing, Steve."

"Sailing to Cardinal Rock alone?"

"Yes," she said. "Lath—needs me.

He needs help. There isn't anyone I



can reach in a hurry. I've got to go— I might be able to help, even alone—"

Steve smiled. "You've got lots of guts for a woman," he said. "I'm coming with you, of course. Pack an extra pistol for me."

"Oh, Steve," she whispered. "I wanted you to say that : . . You're not afraid?"

"Afraid?" he said slowly. He tightened his jaw. "I've never been afraid of anything in my life, and I've tangled with more bugs than most. There isn't a man alive who can match a tropic bacilli for its menace. Let's get together, and make ready to sail."

In the DARK, some hours later, standing at the helm of the M'ao while her twin engines pushed her southwest at an amazing turn of speed, Dr. Steve Mason considered how fantastically a man's world could change. Only that morning, he had been a dignified medico of a world-wide institute, arriving at Java for a friendly visit with an old friend.

And in twelve hours, what had happened? He had been transformed into a sort of crusading buccaneer. There was a Colt .45 pistol stuck in his belt, and he was guiding a luxurious sport fisherman across the eastern segment of the Indian Ocean through the night.

It was not the best of weather. No moon hung in the sky, nor were there stars for star shots and orientation. He held to the course in some trepidation. From the charts Lindsey had



shown him, Cardinal Rock was a mere pimple of earth in a boundless sea. The Cocos and Christmas Island were the only outposts around, and they were far apart and away.

There was wind, the sea was choppy, and the going was wet. It was the very devil to hold her head on SW. She struck hard into each rolling comber, because of her speed, and she took green water over the bow now and then. He was wet through.

He had been standing at the helm for five hours now while Lindsey slept below in the cabin. His wristwatch said that it was past midnight. They had been at sea for seven hours in all. They had planned to make the landfall within six, but the weather and the ocean had slowed them.

Steve didn't like the setup. In the dark, it was going to be difficult to

spot that lonely island. They might sail right by it—they might be off their course due to wind and current.

At 12:30 a.m. he called Lindsey up from below.

"You look tired, Steve," she said, touching his hand.

"I am a little," Steve said. "And worried. I think we're lost, Lindsey. I think we'd better put out a sea anchor and heave to for the night. We can use the sextant tomorrow with the sun and find our position. We should have raised that island by now, and I don't like using our gasoline—"

"Cut the engines a moment," she said, putting her hand to his lips.

Steve brought both throttles back, and the roaring engines quieted. He listened sharply, as did she. They heard a voice in the dark, a booming remote voice.

Lindsey cried, "Surf!"

"Surf!" Steve said. "That means land! Dead ahead! We can't see a thing. Stand by here while I get our depth." He gave her the helm and sounded. They had fifteen fathoms under them. "We'll heave to out here until dawn when we can see our way in. Might crash the boat going in in the dark." He put over the light and heavy anchors and cut the engines.

"You should sleep," Lindsey said.

"Could you sleep now?"

"No."

They stayed awake, watching southwest with the binoculars, hoping for a break in the sky, a bit of starlight, or a sliver of moon. They had neither. At four a.m., the east began to grow a smudgy gray, dirty, but brighter than the darkness.

"I see it!" Steve breathed at last. In the first pale light of the day, Cardinal Rock began to evolve in the faint breaking of the night. A vast precipitous promontory rising a thousand feet into the sky from the sea floor, its sides a strange and eerie reddish color, as if made of bright Virginian clay. And as the red sun neared the horizon, but still beneath it, the island caught up the scarlet hues and looked like a burning ruby.

Steve put down the binoculars, his face pale.

"What's wrong, Steve?"

"There is something in the little harbor there," he said, his voice strangely subdued. "Something—"

"Let me see," she said. She took the glasses and stared at the harbor, now faintly visible. "I see it—but what is it? I can't make it out." Her voice trembled. "Steve—"

"It's a submarine," Steve said. "Not only that. It is the largest submarine I have ever seen in this world." He pressed the starters and the engines caught and rolled over. "Mind the helm, I'm going forward. Give me slack for upping the anchors."

"We're going in?" she whispered.

"Yes," Steve said grimly. "We're going in."

NEXT MONTH: An unwelcome guest lurks in the harbor of Cardinal Rock. Will Lindsey and Steve find the answer to her brother's stifled call for help?



Brawn, Sweat and Glory

by JOHN KIERAN

One fine day there arrived a postcard giving notice of an exhibition of sporting scenes by J. W. Golinkin, and this ardent amateur scurried around to have a look. There the artist was encountered. One word led to another on such debatable subjects as art, war, football and horse racing—and the dire consequence of that warm conversation was The American Sporting Scene, a binding of art and athletics.

-JOHN KIERAN

Morrissey-Sullivan Fight

It is high time that elderly fight fans quit telling those fairy stories about those terrifying giants who roamed the canvas ring in the fe-fifo-fum days of half a century ago.

On October 5, 1853, the sleepy village of Boston Corners was waked up by the staging of a bout between one Yankee Sullivan, a bruiser of sinister background who claimed he was the champion and John Morrissey, a flamboyant figure, who was to be a future congressman.

All adjourned to a nearby open field where the spectators formed a ring, the referee drew a line marking just where the warriors were to toe the mark or "come up to scratch" for each round.

Morrissey was strong. He whaled away and raised big welts on Sullivan's torso. Soon Yankee Sullivan was "slipping" to the ground to end a round and get a much needed rest. About the thirtieth round it seemed that Morrissey would surely win; but then Sullivan came to life and for seven more rounds it was give and take with Morrissey's backers beginning to worry much about their principal's stake of \$2,000 and their own side-bets.

At the end of the thirty-seventh round there was a general wrangle in which Morrissey's friends surrounded Yankee Sullivan and informed him that his blows were foul, which was







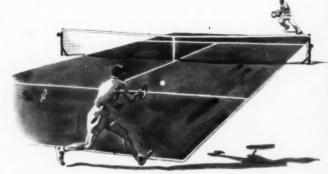
The American S







n Sporting Scene









TATHEN the caveman chiseled out his first crude etching. his subject was the primitive sport of a primitive world. In ancient Rome, Olympic heroes were celebrated in classic song and sculpture. But except to an occasional artist, the athletic field, after the downfall of Rome, was not considered worthy of the creative master's skill. "Happily there has been, in comparatively modern times, a revival of the ancient bond," says John Kieran. And happily too, he, a former college ballplayer, combines his talents with those of a former college boxer to produce in legend and in drawing the full color of The American Sporting Scene. The fabulous Mr. Kieran, Information Please expert and learned sports columnist for the New York Times, mixes lines from Shakespeare with the jargon of the sporting world, apostrophizes modern athletes in classic simile or in his own quaint verse. He met Joseph W. Golinkin one day at an exhibition of the artist's sporting scenes. For two men who knew their sports so well, friendly argument was inevitable—and for top-ranking artist and top-ranking writer, so was collaboration. Lieutenant-Commander Golinkin, who trained for the Navy before he became an artist, served as an officer aboard destroyers in the last war and was called to active duty again last year.



WSub- LOUIS-GALENTO

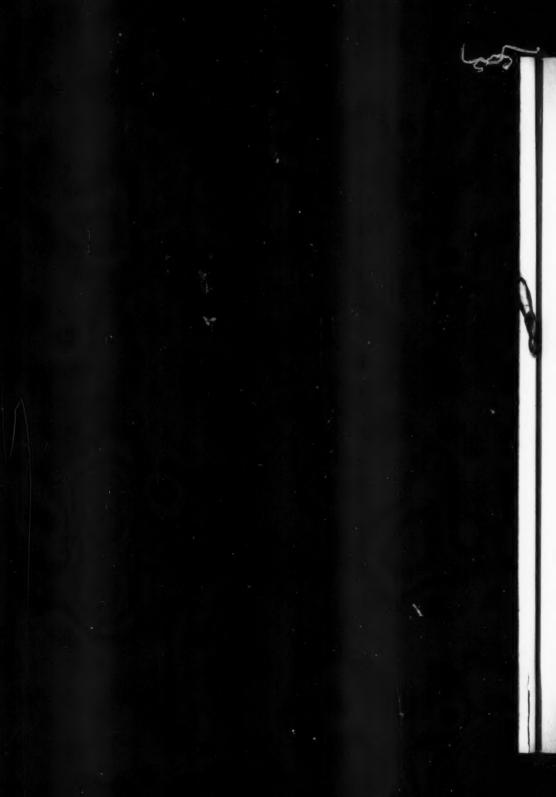




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utterly unimportant except that the referee was calling the fighters up to scratch for the next round and Sullivan couldn't break through the Morrissey backers to toe the mark. Thereupon the referee gave the decision to Morrissey and the great fight was over.

That was the way they fought "in the brave days of old."

The Curious Game of Golf

Perfection, bah! Walter Hagen wasn't perfect on the links. Sam Snead isn't. Nor Gene Sarazen, not even the Emperor Jones. Not even the late Harry Vardon, the Old Master of vanished years. Apropos of Vardon, who smoked a pipe and wasted few words on the links, he was playing Bob Jones, who was only eighteen at the time, in the United States Open Championship at Inverness in 1920. At the seventh hole Jones had a very easy shot to the green for his second. He could almost have kicked the ball up there. But he used a club and it dribbled ahead a few dozen yards. Blushing, Bob turned and said to his companion:

"Mister Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot?"

Taking his pipe out of his mouth as if to give the matter some thought, Vardon said: "No." Then he put his pipe back into his mouth and went on with his own game.

So the great ones of the fairway have had and do have their faults and golf is the better game for it. In 1929 the Emperor Jones was playing in the open championship at Mamaroneck, New York, and had the tournament in hand with nine holes to go. He thereupon put on a display of golf that reduced his rooters to shuddering wrecks. However, there was a happy ending. After all his waywardness, he stumbled up to the last green with a sidehill putt of perhaps twelve feet to tie Al Espinosa's leading score of 294. The next day he beat Espinosa by twenty-three strokes in the play-off. So even a golfer like Jones varied from day to day. Old George Low, the esteemed professional at Baltusrol for so many years, once said: "Golf is a humblin' game."

So it is. But it's a hopeful game too. Otherwise the suffering duffers would turn to something else in a hurry.

The Brooklyn Dodgers

THE PLACE of the Brooklyn Dodgers will probably remain unchallenged down the corridors of time. It was a crazy-quilt combination of great ballplayers and complete zanies whose motto was: "One for all, and all for nothing!" By some natural instinct queer players seemed to drift unerringly to the Brooklyn dugout. They regularly batted out of turn and often ran the bases backward. It would be difficult for any ordinary player to lose a game for his team by hitting a home run in the ninth but a Brooklyn player did it with ease one day. Two out, one man on, Brooklyn one run behind, the Brooklyn batter hit the ball over the Flatbush fence for a homer. It seemed to be a verdict of victory for Brooklyn that not even the United States Supreme Court could overturn. But the runner on base, lingering lovingly to admire the flight of the ball over the fence, was passed on the base line by the heedless hitter who was in a hurry to get home to supper. Thus the first base runner was automatically out when the homerun hitter passed, the game was over, and a Brooklyn home run had clinched the victory for the other side.

A Long Shot at Saratoga

BACK IN 1930 was the great meeting between Gallant Fox, the Belair stud star and Whichone, the pick of the H. P. Whitney string in what turned out to be a jim-dandy affair. The race was the historic Travers which traces back to the Civil War era. There were four entries for the Travers, but nobody bothered about the other two.

The Whichone supporters were worrying about track conditions as it was raining and a sticky track would handicap their equine idol. At seven A.M. the sun broke through and Whichones' stock went up several points. Gallant Fox had gone unbeaten through a great season rain or shine and any kind of a track would suit him.

In the interim a colorful crowd had been pouring into the Saratoga stands. The earlier races went unheeded. The sole question passing around was:

"Who do you like in the big race?"

There was a sudden roar from the crowd . . . the race was on! Up the backstretch the great rivals pounded, holding the same relative positions. They swung round the upper turn and then it was noticed that another

horse had come into the field of vision.

Into the stretch they turned and, to the horror of thousands the third horse came on—and on—and—well, it simply ran over the two stars of the turf. Gallant Fox and Whichone had run each other breathless, and Jim Dandy, at 50 to 1, or 150 to 1, as luck would have it, was an easy winner.

"I know that Jim Dandy," said a stout and irate gentleman as he signaled for his limousine, "He did that same thing last year in the Grand Union."

The irate gentleman seemed to imply that such things should be prevented by law.

Ty Cobb's Statue

Once upon a time there was a great ballplayer by the name of Tyrus Raymond Cobb. In the enthusiasm over the fame he had brought to his adopted city, Detroit, somebody proposed that a life-sized statue of the baseball hero be executed and placed where it would be an example to the youth of the city.

The following day Ty Cobb had a caller with a beard. He was a Russian who announced he was the appointed sculptor and that he would be obliged if Ty would strike a heroic pose and hold it while the sculptor went to work. Ty fell in with the idea. Upon the presentation of the restaurant checks for the artist's refreshments, Ty was astonished to learn that the man with the beard apparently lived exclusively on a diet of strawberries and cream. The bill was almost as imposing as Cobb's lifetime batting average:

Ty paid it with tears in his eyes and resolved to have nothing more to do with art in general and with bearded Russian sculptors in particular.

With everything ready for the final casting the sculptor appeared at the Detroit City Hall and asked the mayor where he could put the statue.

The mayor scratched his head and said that he knew where he couldn't put it. He was warned against putting it on any city car track or within eight feet of any fire hydrant. Beyond that, Mr. Mayor had no official interest in the parking problem.

"I'm to get twenty thousand dollars for this statue," said the sculptor.

"I congratulate you," said His Honor the Mayor.

"Who's going to pay me?"

"I hope you find out."

But not all the detectives in Detroit could discover who really had ordered the statue. Finally both model and sculptor disappeared. Nobody knows what became of either:

Lou Little Loses His Tonsils

In 1917, Lou Little, then one of the best players in the Pennsylvania line, came back from the Rose Bowl game having enjoyed everything but the score. Oregon 14—Penn. 0.

His gloom was deepened because during this expedition, student Little feared he had lost his grip on certain classical subjects. He longed for a postponement of the forthcoming examinations in order to give him time to prepare.

"Why not have a minor operation," suggested one of his friends. "Have

your tonsils out—that'll do the trick."
"Crickey!" said Student Little, "I'll
do it."

But as Lou was being wheeled into the operating room he began to have doubts. He remembered for one thing that he was "a bad ether patient." He decided to warn the anesthetist.

"Lady," said Lou, "watch out when you switch from the gas to the ether. I'm liable to wake up."

"Yes, yes," she said soothingly and fed him the gas. A bit later the lady switched to ether. He was wide awake again.

"Wait!" shouted Lou, "I have changed my mind : : : I don't want my tonsils out."

The football patient twisted, struggled and finally got one leg loose. The table began to roll across the floor, propelled by this free little leg. An orderly came up to help and Lou kicked him in the midriff sending him reeling into a glass case filled with expensive surgical apparatus.

More orderlies rushed up, and after a terrific struggle that left the operating room looking as if it had been the scene of a violent explosion, Student Little finally was put to sleep and his tonsils extracted.

When it was all over the doctor shook a warning finger at him:

"Don't you ever come into this building again!"

"If I do," said Lou, "you can cut my head off."

But the operation was a success. The examinations had been postponed and Lou passed them. Still, that was taking them the hard way.

There's a lot more to becoming a father than merely buying a box of ten-cent cigars and taking bows. For example—take this article



Advice to Pregnant Husbands

by EILEEN WILSON

The OPEN SEASON on losing wives lasts between 220 and 280 days. It begins the day she tells you that unless medical science has lost its grip she's going to have a baby. It ends the day the obstetrician clutches your hand and says, "Well it's a boy."

In between these two dates the apprentice father has a big job to perform. The odds are against his emergence from this critical period as the great guy—in his wife's eyes—he was before all this baby business came up.

Learning to behave as an expectant father is as tough as learning to be the life of the party but luckily, women run more true to form than horses.

You should first realize that there are three general groups into which all prenatal minds fall. First, the madonna type who spends nine months in a cocoon of introversion and is—hands down—the most difficult to cope with. Next comes the light-hearted

type, readily identified by a what's-all-the-fuss-about attitude. She's the easiest to handle. Finally there is the chronic lamenter, who will never let you forget for a minute that she's after all "not quite herself." This last species is more obvious than the others and merely needs to be stepped on at regular intervals, like a footbrake.

But there are some definite rules which apply to all three types at set stages of this nine-month perpetual crisis. For instance, you can get off to a fine start by taking her first speculations on the possibility of pregnancy with great gravity. If she doesn't let you in on her world-shaking conviction until after it's official from the doctor let the news positively totter you—be weak and overwhelmed from the enormity of it all. Any faint suggestion of indifference at this stage of the game will handicap you later.

It's true that a "Gee, I think that's

swell!" might leave you open for a testy, "Tou think it's swell but you don't have to have it." Still, this irritation is minor and not to be compared with the wrath you'll bring down on your unsuspecting head later, if you say sympathetically, "Cheer up, it may not be so bad." No, an expression of great glee—even if forced—is heavy insurance against any future accusations that you weren't excited about the baby in the beginning.

What many husbands fail to realize is that pregnancy makes women fully conscious of their sex for the first time. And it bands them together in a small strange way. So, if you don't show enthusiasm you put your wife in a jam with bridge club, office companions and neighbors. Because the first breathless question they will ask her when they hear the news is, "What did George say? How did he take it?" By all means, don't make it necessary for her to lie valiantly, giving a hollow running account of all the things she wishes you'd done and said but didn't!

On the other hand don't get the idea she'll be pleased if you assume

the sole right of disseminating news of the event to the general public. Your own judgment on the telling of it is not dependable enough to use. The commuter who gleefully jumped on the 7:14 and had scattered the seeds of his information in the high wind of paternal pride before the next whistle-stop found a 4-B wedgie tapping ominously when he got home that night.

Whether you believe it or not, many women have a secret notion that admission of pregnancy is the first actual proof of marital relations. Therefore, she may wish to handle her delicate confession either coyly or with discretion. Let her.

Now, if you've slipped through the treacherous barbed wire of this first phase, the real woods are directly ahead. Once you know you're going to be a father, the whole idea seems as remote as next summer's trip to the mountains.

The greatest stretch of imagination that most men allow themselves is a random speculation that probably it will be a boy. It will have some elaborate physical resemblance to him (he'll settle for his family's jaw) and he feels that things will be wonderful after the offspring begins to talk.

But that's not the way the wife is looking at things. From the first to about the fourth month of her pregnancy she feels particularly smug about "what's going on inside her." You can't see it, but actually she's walking around with a great, self-adjusted halo.

Her daily routine is no longer the

Eileen Wilson is not as indulgent to expectant mothers as the average person because she kept her own pregnancy a secret from the general public and her newspaper employers until six weeks before her son, Michael (now two), was born. She then resigned from the Bridgeport (Conn.) Post where for five years she had been writing social notes and feature stories. The idea for this article, the first she has tried for magazines, incidentally, came from listening to conversations across bridge tables. Too many women, our author decided, were making nice guys unhappy for no very good reason during the months of waiting for baby—and so she went into action with her typewriter.



same. She sees herself now as two people—one who does the dishes and one who is busy having a baby; one who drives the car and one who is busy h.a.b. And she feels awfully proud that she can do two such things at the same time. She may have been doing the laundry for years, but now if she says some evening: "I did the washing today," don't just lift your head from the paper and say, "That's right, it's Monday." Be awed. Say, "That's wonderful! How could you!"

You may not be aware of the fact that she's quite capable of spending a big percentage of her waking hours thinking about this baby, and as much time—if she can wangle it from you—talking about him. She's busy day-dreaming about all the glorious angles—his first tooth, his entrance into first grade, and his bride (a vague resentment here, a feeling that of course the girl won't measure up). And she expects you to do the same.

Don't try to brush off her daydreams lightly. Puzzle with her over the curl of his hair, the certain problem of the cowlick, the length of his eyelashes and the heavy rooting for blue eyes. You'll weary of these vagaries early. You'll think, "What can we do about it?" But don't say it.

Meanwhile other problems are cropping up. Consider the case of the prenatal stomach — it's tricky. The wonders of science haven't done too much yet about the early-morning squeamish feelings she'll have. Being sympathetic about it isn't enough—you can really be kind by holding back on your own appetite even if it means sneaking down to the diner for a second breakfast. There's nothing like your good appetite to irritate her swinging stomach.

By this time, too, she's making monthly pilgrimages to her doctor. They are suddenly the most important dates she's had in her life. You may find to your surprise-even dismay-that she has a romantic fixation on her obstetrician. But don't be jealous. Accept your new and temporary rival as an ally-listen carefully as she chews over her conversations with him, dull as they may sound to you. Make a mental note of the date of her regular trips and ask questions right and left. If you don't, she may even try to trick you by avoiding reference to the visit, just to see if you remember she went.

She may suddenly take up sewing

"little things," of course, or she may romp through the nursery departments with a vigor she never showed when she looked for her spring suit. Purchases of booties, belly bands or potty covers are very significant. Be smart and exclaim over them with her as you would a fashion original.

Soon she can eye an early morning egg without flinching. The first novelty of pregnancy has begun to wear off and her health and her spirits are conditioned to her newly-blossomed state. Normality in your domestic life is back with a tiny bang.

Then—the middle months' problem. The news is leaking out to the public. Be ready for a new phase.

Naturally, the whole idea of pregnancy is a mystery to the male, and a discomfiting one at that. He assumes, erroneously, that the change in his wife's once slender figure must be even more embarrassing to her than it is to him. Acting on this belief is fatal. Actually while she now complains lightly of the short time left to wear her favorite suit, don't let her fool you-she's more contented than she's been in weeks. She feels the same girlish excitement in the purchase of her first maternity dress that she felt when she bought her first pair of high-heeled shoes.

Along about now most husbands are inclined to close their eyes to the early changes in her figure. Better be cautious! The right course is the middle one: "You're showing it a little, now, aren't you?" That much—and no more—she'll swallow.

But remember, it's only during the

middle months that she'll stand for this much honesty. When she's bloomed more fully, prepare for a new attack.

THE CHANGE in her size, as it begins to get obvious, is proof to her of a wonderful martyrdom to humanity. Now, drunk with her new power, the chances are she'll be unreasonably demanding and quick to displays of temper and tears. She becomes a total stranger to you, one whose moods you find consistently impossible to grasp.

This will be your cue to dote. There's no time like this when she'll appreciate attention so much. Of course she's quite capable of carrying a small pot from the drain board to the stove. It won't break her arm, of course, but—you do it. Advise her constantly against "overdoing things." Act worried. Rush to the corner drugstore when she hints at ice cream—even after midnight.

However, once you've honestly assured yourself that you're doing your best, take no major nonsense. Permit no tantrums. Rub her back, but don't let it turn into a full time job. Curb imaginary ailments. And if she gets too pesky, this is the time to fall back on the old one about, "You're not the first woman to have a baby." Be gentle, be tolerant, be big—but don't be a pushover.

And now, coming into the seventh month, the whole picture changes. Here is where you must reverse your field. There are reasons for it.

She's no longer cheered by what she sees in her mirror. In fact she's getting pretty sick of the whole idea and wonders why somebody hasn't figured out a new way to have babies. She's looking wistfully at the wardrobe she sported a year ago. She's wearing flat-heeled shoes (and a size larger at that). She sees her face as fat, her hands pudgy, her legs shapeless. It's a pretty forlorn little heart that beats in her breast.

She's thought of herself as a brave creature up to now, but her courage is beginning to weaken. Despite all her surface assurance, underneath—and not too far down, either—she's beginning to get scared. She's edgey, depressed, sensitive and sentimental.

She sees herself as the mother of a cripple and as the mother of no child at all. She feels terribly close and dependent on you and may worry about whether you still love her. She'll talk labor pains with anyone who's ever had them, and she'll memorize hospital procedure from beginning to end. She buries herself once a week, too—pictures you at the funeral, gets sore at your second wife.

These lonely mental hikes are very real to her. Don't scoff at them. The answer is to woo her as ardently as you did in the days when love ended at her father's front door. Let all the stops out. She'll believe anything you tell her, and you can't say it too often.

Occasional presents come into the picture now, too. A corsage maybe, or even a football helmet for "him." Your extravagance will never be questioned. Put in a plug for a possible girl baby too.

She's probably pretty clumsy by

now, and your inclination will be to give her all possible physical aid. Refrain from it! For now, the more you jump around to spare her, the more conscious you make her of her gracelessness. Above all never cancel social dates because of her "condition"—unless she herself wishes to.

One young couple, mutually devoted, had always passed their anniversaries at the same night-club since they'd been married and made a habit of tipping the band leader five bucks to play their song. Their anniversary this year fell on a day six weeks before the baby was due to arrive.

He was so sure she wouldn't want to go out, much less dance, he planned an evening at home with two good books, a roaring fire and a touch of sparkling burgundy at midnight. He had his book all right—all by himself. While she had a good howl upstairs over the wedding dress she had secretly just had maternitized for the occasion. It will take several anniversaries to forget this one.

Somehow though, you'll finally skid through to the great moment. You'll bid her goodby as she disappears into the forbidding hospital portals in care of the impersonal efficiency of the white-robed staff. You'll worry and wonder and feel very much alone. Perhaps you're determined to behave with manly composure in the corridors of the maternity wing.

Bear in mind that the guy who fainted when his wife had a baby is still the butt of his best friends' jokes. But his wife—she thinks he's wonderful.

Forgotten Mysteries



Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

Firewalking was photographed in 1933 by Dr. John G. Hill, professor of Biblical literature at the University of Southern California. The dramatic and inexplicable exhibition was witnessed on an island near Tahiti by a large party of investigators.

A trench was dug and filled with stones which were then heated by a day-long fire. Seven times the natives walked barefoot across the glowing stones, while film spun through Dr. Hill's movie camera. Testing the heat, he found that it was impossible to hold his hand closer than three feet from the stones. Wet leaves thrown on the rocks caught fire.

While the testing was going on, the chief magician invited one of the white men to try a bit of firewalking—under protection of the native's magic. One of the party consented. Keeping his boots on, he strode across the fiery

stones. The man's boots were not burned—but his face was badly blistered.

The possibility of some undetectable solution having been used to protect the natives' feet was eliminated by the fact that the white man's boots—to which nothing had been applied—weren't even singed. Dr. Hill could offer no explanation—he merely kept on grinding film.



 What is perhaps the world's strangest burial ground was found near Edinburgh, Scotland, in July, 1836. The discovery was made by a party searching for rabbit burrows in an ancient, legend-enshrouded rock formation known as Arthur's Seat.

Behind some thin sheets of slate

was discovered a tiny cave in which were 17 wood coffins arranged in three tiers. The coffins were exactly four inches in length. Inside the caskets were tiny wooden figures, each dressed in a different style.

Strangest of all, the coffins apparently had been placed in the minute tomb at intervals of many years. The figures in the lower coffins were almost disintegrated. Those in the second tier were progressively better preserved, while the single coffin in the top row contained a figure which was "quite recent looking."

The mystery of the tiny crypt was thoroughly discussed by the Society of-Antiquarians of Scotland, but no explanation was produced.



 Lieutenant Commander Rupert T. Gould, R.N., and Harry Price, renowned psychic investigator, meticulously checked the evidence in the case recited here.

When a certain vault at Christ's Church in Barbados was opened in the spring of 1812, it was found that several of the huge, lead-lined coffins had been thrown about. The coffins were straightened and the vault closed with a ponderous stone slab—but twice more the caskets were found piled in confusion. Finally Lord Combermere, hard-bitten British soldier, investigated. He had the walls of the vault sounded, the floor covered with sand,

and placed a guard before the sealed entrance.

When the vault again was opened, the coffins once more were found in a heap. The seal had not been broken; there were no footprints in the sand.



• • • Among the names of child mathematical geniuses that of Willis Dysart stands high. Now 18, he has been investigated by numerous psychologists and mathematicians. The stories of his brilliance are legion.

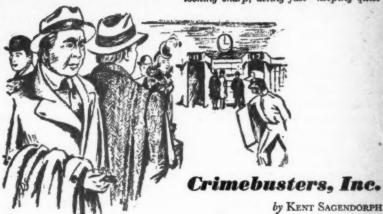
During the last presidential election, his lightning calculations enabled a Minnesota newspaper to scoop its competitor on the returns. Given a person's birthday, Dysart is able without hesitation to state the number of days, hours, minutes, even seconds the person has lived. He can multiply instantly any seven-figure number by any six-figure number.

Once a contractor asked him how many bricks would be needed to build a certain house. Told the number of bricks per square foot, the dimensions of the house and the size of the windows and doors, Dysart immediately stated the number of bricks required. When the house was completed, the contractor had half a brick left over.

Yet this wonder boy of figures has practically no background of conventional schooling. He has never read any book except the Bible.

-R. DEWITT MILLER

The Gestapo's a gossip compared to this vast system which makes a business of looking sharp, acting fast—keeping quiet



THEY SAY crime doesn't pay, but the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., considers the point debatable. Thirty-five years of steady hammering against all forms of crime have made Burns the most successful, and probably the largest, organization of its kind in the world: Throughout the United States the "Burns man" ranks shoulder to shoulder with the F.B.I. agent as a crime buster who doesn't fail. But who he is and what he does is seldom revealed-even to fellow-members of the Burns organization.

The agency's capacity for secrecy is something unbelievable. Saying nothing has become such an art among the staffs of its 30 U.S. branches that, beside them, the Gestapo is an open book. Burns men are operating in every hamlet in this country, and in foreign lands.

Estimates of the number of persons

who make up the Burns organization are meaningless, because no figures are ever revealed. But a quick glance at the outfit shows an enormous payroll, ranging from ordinary common laborers to renowned authorities who top their fields. The company is so big that it has its own form of civil service, providing for promotion all along the line, leading to the highest jobs. All the present division managers went through the mill from obscure beginnings with Burns many years ago. Promotion, however, does not lead to the presidency. The business is family-owned and the family decides who is to occupy that post.

The Burns Agency is a privatelyowned secret police system which finds its golden opportunity in the very structure and nature of U.S. criminal laws. There is no parallel to it in the world, nor could there be. Burns, in the U.S., occupies a strange

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semi-official status; its detectives work side by side with F.B.I. agents, rail-road police and city detectives. Burns is set up to serve corporations, states, and cities; to handle investigations, catch thieves and patrol properties of factories, railroads, banks, hotels and stores. These firms, and their trade associations, retain the Burns organization on annual contracts, and Burns provides nation-wide facilities which could not be provided by tax-supported police departments.

Their system is completely out of the range of police procedure. "You never know," said the firm's president, Raymond J. Burns. "A secretary, a switchboard girl, a janitor; yes, even an office boy might be one of our operatives. A factory hand might be working on the same machine for years, but the men working beside him never discover his true identity."

On Burns lists are some of the oddest and cleverest characters in the United States—men and women who can do anything and be alert detectives at the same time. Burns can furnish operatives who can play a Chopin concerto, engineer an all-Pullman passenger train or give a lecture on electronics to a college faculty.

The sleepy flatfoot guarding the wedding presents at a society reception in a rented tuxedo five sizes too big is a standard comedy "bit" in Hollywood. But those flatfeet don't work for Burns. One of the two dozen service bureaus is the Social Function Division. It will send you a suave aristocrat in faultless formal attire

who can lead a conga line and debate with a duchess in French.

But his identification card and gun are always ready for instant use. While he is swapping wisecracks with gate-crashers, he is also finding out who they are and what they are up to.

Just how big Burns is might be guessed from a look at what the firm does. Each of its 26 specialized bureaus is the largest such detective squad in the world, operating not only nationally, but in all the attainable nations overseas. Clients of these divisions swell into the thousands.

Alphabetically the list begins with the Association Department (which acts as a clearing-house for confidential credit ratings and trade tips, and protects associations against exploitation by racketeers). Next come the Attorney's Divison (which hunts up witnesses, gets sworn statements, searches records and prepares bomb-proof papers for court scrutiny), and the Automobile Division (which traces absconding car-buyers, lost titles and wrecked cars, and protects dealers against dead-beats).

With that beginning, the list marches ponderously through the alphabet. Bankers' Protection Division; Crime Prevention Bureau; Criminal Investigation Bureau; Distributors' Protection Service; Employees' Reference Division; and so on right through the S's (Stockbrokers' Division, Social Function Bureau), the T's (Transportation Protection), the huge Uniform Division, Watchman Service and Women's Bureau.

Burns offices have some very strict



rules about accepting certain types of cases.

No Burns office will take a case involving a labor dispute. If some corporate client has Burns operatives in the plant to ferret out possible sabotage or solve a theft, they are forbidden by the chief himself to make any report to the employer about labor conditions. Burns is a crimebreaking, not a strike-breaking, outfit.

Politics in all its forms is likewise definitely taboo. No report will be made on political characters; no investigation is permitted into their backgrounds, and outside of a bona fide criminal mess like the notorious San Francisco graft scandals of 1907, handled by Burns, the company keeps carefully aloof.

Divorce cases, breach-of-promise suits, attempts by suspicious spouses to spy on each other—all are unyieldingly forbidden. "Sometimes," said Mr. Burns, "testimony we have given, or evidence we have collected in some other case might be used in a divorce action, but not if we can help it."

Neither can any Burns man claim or accept a reward for catching a criminal. "We are not in the business of catching criminals for a reward. We are trying to serve our clients. Part of that job is to catch criminals. For this we are paid a fee, and that is all we are entitled to."

If they don't catch a crook one way, they'll get him through another medium. Out in Kansas, a pair of Burns detectives picked up a trio of very indignant bank robbers. "That isn't fair," one of them said. "You can't do this to us. We cased every bank in that town before we found one that didn't have a Burns protection sign. How'd you get in on this, anyway?"

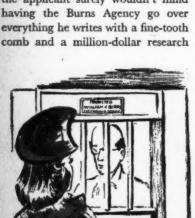
Well, said the detective, they were called in by the insurance company which handled the bank's holdup risk. The company had a contract with Burns, and the bandits hadn't dug into the situation deeply enough to find that out.

Most firms subscribing annually to any of the numerous Burns protection systems display a small sign, hung on the safe or over the cashier's desk: "Protected by the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc." On the bottom of the sign there is another line, in small letters: "Offices in principal cities of the world." If crooks get close enough to it to read

that bottom line, they're too close. The sign is not hung there to look pretty. It is fair warning that if you crack that safe tonight, a couple of detectives will be on your doorstep tomorrow.

The psychological value of these signs is one of Burns' biggest assets. They have scared off enough holdups and safe-crackers and embezzlers to save Burns clients millions of dollars since they were first introduced. There is no attempt at bluff—the Burns organization backs up the sign with its enviable record.

Protection, both by psychology and by caution, is as big a part of the firm's service as crime detection. Some clients use trick application blanks in their employment offices, on which there is a little phrase to the effect that the applicant surely wouldn't mind having the Burns Agency go over everything he writes with a fine-tooth comb and a million-dollar research



laboratory. Applicants are very careful what they fill in on the blanks. The name Burns is a powerful stimulant to tell the truth. And when they hand the blank to the employment manager, Burns men actually put it through the national data file. It is surprising to some employers to learn what accomplished fiction writers have lately applied for work.

Holdup gangs know, if the public doesn't, that Burns has added another psychological deterrent to the dwindling crime of payroll stickups. It is a patented money case, which looks like any other on the market. Cashiers who go to the bank for payroll cash are always convoyed by Burns operatives in the background, if they are covered by a Burns contract. Perhaps in a dark corridor, or upon getting out of an automobile, some thug will grab the money case and take it on the lam. This gadget immediately sets up an ear-shattering clamor which can be heard a mile. While the thug is in that coma of surprise which always follows this alarm, the detectives dash up and grab him.

If the company prefers not to have its cashiers exposed to the danger of being shot in a payroll holdup, another Burns contract will provide complete payroll service. Under it, the cash is delivered at the bank to the operatives, who make up the envelopes, transport them to the plant and distribute them. Burns is bonded for this assignment, and uses highly-trained pistol experts on each delivery.

Any special demand like this finds Burns equipped with men and machines to handle it. The firm can "furnish a uniformed force of any size," according to the chief, "any time and place a client wants it."

Yet if you, as a private citizen, walk into a Burns branch office and offer a little obscure puzzle you'd like solved, this gigantic secret web is at your service. If you can convince the branch manager that you really need the information and that it has no revenge or personal jealousy motive and that it will not result in a public scandal, Burns will undertake the investigation. If it requires one man one day, locally, your bill may run from \$12.50 to \$25, depending on how skillful an operative is needed.

LIKE ALL great corporations, Burns maintains this service as a public goodwill gesture. It is not regarded as a source of revenue. But you will receive the detailed daily reports, all the research data on the case, and copies of everything else that goes along with it, just as if you were head of a billion-dollar business faced with an organized gang of interstate thieves.

It makes a man feel very important to be able to say: "Burns handled this case for me." That's probably why the branch managers treat casual visitors with the utmost courtesy, bow them out, send them specialists to advise them, write ultra-polite letters to potential clients, all for nothing. Unless the manager decides to proceed with the case, all this costs you nothing.

As a business, the Burns Agency has no public-relations problem. Every contract is executed on the firm's own terms; every case is handled their way; each client knows that in subscribing to the service he obligates himself to let the Burns men alone and ask no questions. The company will accept a case or not; if not, that's the end. Coupled with its amazing success at secrecy in its operations, this leaves no point at which a customer can haggle. Running a secret business has that advantage.

The Burns company consciously points up this atmosphere of secrecy, even in its routine operations. Its envelopes bear a post-office box return address. The telephone operator, in New York, never mentions the Burns name unless a caller specifically asks if he is speaking to the Burns agency. Interviews with clients at branch offices are conducted in utter silence, and quickly tend to become monologues on the client's part.

Raymond J. Burns and his father, William J. Burns, founded the organization jointly in 1909. At that time, Raymond J. was a sort of understudy to his famous father, who had resigned from the U. S. Secret Service to start the firm.

In 1915, another brother, W. Sherman, joined the agency and, when William J. left to become Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the two brothers carried on, building the agency into its present mammoth proportions. Today, William J. is president, W. Sherman Burns is secretary and treasurer.

Between them, they represent the Burns family ownership of the business, so they have no outside stockholders or directors to hinder them.

Year after year new filing cabinets crowd against the long rows of full ones in the Burns identification bureau. New instruments appear in the criminological laboratories. But the detectives in the field search out embezzlers, corrupt employees, sneak thieves, gangsters and phonies just the way they always have done—patiently, slowly and relentlessly; swayed aside neither by bribes, nor threats.

Some day, the Burns brothers may

retire of course—just as their father did. Some day they may even write their reminiscences. Only then will the world know the complete inside story of their private secret-police system.

But if they run true to form, they'll probably write it in large type on the back of a penny postcard. No detective talks much—but Burns detectives—well, they just don't talk.

-Suggestion for further reading:

I FIND THE MISSING
by Daniel M. Eisenberg
Farrar & Rhinehart, Inc., New York

Tiger of the Sea

THE KILLER WHALE is terrible in strength and ferocity. Afraid of neither man nor beast, it will attack anything that swims—yet it is only 25 or 30 feet long. The mighty teeth in its jaws can tear even a giant whale to bits. Its capacity is almost unbelievable. There is a record of 13 porpoises and 14 seals having been taken from the stomach of a 21-foot specimen.

I had often heard that killers eat the tongues of living whales. I never believed it until I saw the performance with my own eyes. Off the coast of Korea we were hunting the California gray whale, a species 50 feet long. The big gray whales were in such terror of the killers that when a herd arrived they became absolutely paralyzed with fright. I watched a gray whale turn on its back with flippers out-

spread and lie helpless at the surface. Rushing at full speed, a killer put his nose against the whale's lips, forced its mouth open, and tore out great chunks of the soft, sponge-like tongue. A half-dozen other killers began tearing at the giant body, literally eating the whale alive.

Killer whales will attack men if in the water, and are not afraid of boats or even small ships. The male killer has a huge scimitar-shaped dorsal fin six feet high; and, as the beast swims just at the surface, the waving fin looks like the neck of a serpent. This, I believe, is responsible for most of the sensational sea-serpent stories that are the joy of every news reporter's life.

—Roy Chapman Andrews, This

-ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, This Amazing Planet, G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.





Fiction Teature:

Patt and Take

by EUSTACE COCKRELL

When an irate putter wants to handicap his daughter's romance, she knows it's a case of the golf heebie-jeebies —for which the cure is more golf!



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KARL McKENZIE

Putt and Take

by EUSTACE COCKRELL

"A MAN," J. B. Fellowes announced, "who will establish a false handicap at golf has termites in the very foundation of his soul."

Hester Fellowes didn't look up from her book. "How much did he take you for today, Pop?" she said.

J. B. Fellowes stopped packing his pipe. "That," he said testily, "has nothing to do with it."

"No?"

"No! Douglas Wakeman came here and I proposed him for membership in the club because you had known him in the East. He turns in twenty score cards and the handicap committee sees that he has an average score of eighty-three. Our course is a par seventy-two, as you know. Thus they assign him a handicap of eleven."

"Which sounds to me," Hester said,

"eminently fair." She laid aside her book and looked quizzically at her father. "I hardly see—"

"But wait," J. B. went on. "I have a handicap of twenty. In other words, through the years I have established myself as a ninety-two shooter."

"You won the last year's tourney with a net of sixty-five, didn't you?" Hester asked. "That would be the result of shooting an eighty-five, would it not?"

"Luck," J. B. said. "Pure luck. And don't get off the subject. So I go out and play with this lad and we make a little bet for fun. A ten dollar Nassau. Ten on the first nine, ten on the back nine, and ten on the eighteen."

"I know what a Nassau is," Hester said. "Proceed with your complaint."

"Okay. On the basis of our respective handicaps he should give me nine strokes."

"Didn't he?"

"Yes, yes. He gave me nine strokes. Four on the first nine, five on the second. We finished the first nine all even, so we let that ten ride on the eighteen. I still have my five strokes. We get to the eighteenth; he has picked up his five strokes; we are all even. And I get a par!"

"Good for you, Governor."

"Yes, sir. Good for me! That rat gets a birdie."

"And picks up the marbles," Hester said. "If you are through now, I'll go back to my book."

"I'm not through! A man that shoots that eighteenth hole one under par is no eleven handicap man. Why, do you know he laid a drive right down the center, two-sixty-five if it was an inch?"

"I should also say," Hester pointed out mildly, "that a man who gets a par there isn't a twenty handicap man."

"Bah! I'm to be criticized because under pressure I came through with a par on a single hole!"

"Tsk, tsk, Pop, aren't you a touch inconsistent?"

"If this was the first time, I would not complain. But I'll bet Douglas Wakeman has got a book that he enters his golf winnings in, and I'll bet he doesn't report them in his income tax. I've a good notion to write Washington . . ."

"You had a little book," Hester said. "You used to enter your winnings in it. You didn't report them, did you?"

"My book! My God! All I've put in my book for days is Golf, Wakeman —\$30.00. Golf, Wakeman—\$30.00. Golf, Wakeman—\$30.00. I've been making ditto marks lately."

Hester Fellowes looked dreamily at the ceiling. "I suggest," she said, "that . . ."

Her father interrupted her. "I admit," he said grudgingly, "that in other respects he is, apparently, a nice fellow. He makes all his bridge bids with the same intonation, he tips his caddies substantially, he even gives proper credit for the locker room stories he tells."

"I suggest," Hester began again.

J. B. proceeded as if he had not heard her. "Golf, though, is the game to bare a man's character. Why, did I tell you about hearing Father Mc-Gill in that deep trap to the right of the eleventh green?"

"No, father. Won't you please listen for a minute?"

"The point I want to make is this. A man who will establish a false han-

Thirty-two years old and a native of Warrensburg, Missouri, Eustace Cockrell was once, by his own admission, "one of the best pool players in town." Since then, and with extensive periods of rest in between, he has labored for a road construction firm, farmed a bit, stumped the state in a political campaign, and worked as a publicity man in New York. It was inevitable, though, he insists, that he end up as a writer: his sister married a writer; his brother was a writer, married another writer; another sister was also a writer. "They all told me," Cockrell likes to gag, "that it was nice work if you could get it, and I always was gullible. Well, I still think it's nice work—if and when you can get it."



Hester looked across the table at Douglas.

dicap in his golf game to fleece his dearest friends thereby is a-"

"Rat!"

"Exactly. Now what were you go-

ing to say, daughter?"

"I was going to say," Hester Fellowes said evenly, "that I would suggest that you learned to like Douglas Wakeman, because I am going to marry him."

J. B. Fellowes' face flared like a tropic sunrise and from deep in his throat there came sounds. Through the static Hester discerned something that sounded like "What!"

Patiently she repeated. "I'm going to marry Douglas Wakeman."

J. B. reached for the brandy decanter. After a moment he seemed to get control of his voice. "Over my dead body!" he shouted.

"Quite probably," Hester admitted. "If you carry on like this."

"Hester Fellowes," J. B. said. "I forbid it."

"Yes," Hester said. "I heard you."
"Why, that young whippersnapper.
Why didn't he come to me? I'd have told him."

"I don't see why he should have

come to you. He obviously doesn't want to marry you!"

"Well," J. B. said, "He's not going to marry you!"

"HE SAYS I'm not going to marry you, that he forbids it . . ."

"Are you going to marry me?"
Douglas Wakeman asked across the
little table. He reached out a large
brown hand and took Hester's hand
in it.

Hester Fellowes looked across the table at Douglas.

"It would be so easy," she said, "to let him trim you a couple of times playing golf. That's all the trouble. He feels that you've got a handicap that is out of proportion to your game. He even says you are a fine fellow, except for that."

"Listen," Douglas said, "your father is a fine man, a fine, upright, honorable man. I'll grant that. But he breaks ninety every time he needs to. Why today if I hadn't got a birdie on the last hole he would have—"

"That's just it. You did get a birdie."

"Yes, and he got a par."
"But he said you had a seventy-

eight. That's no way for a man who is supposed to shoot an eighty-three to act."

"Yes, and he had an eighty-eight."
"It's such a little thing . . ."

"I'm not going to compromise myself to the extent of being a sucker for your father on the golf course. For twenty years he has been winning money from everybody he plays with. He's been getting strokes and odds on the basis of a twenty handicap and that's wrong. I am a legitimate eleven handicap man and they can look at my cards and the handicap committee can change my handicap any time they want to. I don't intend to ask them to make me a six handicap man on the basis of one lucky seventy-eight."

"All right, darling," Hester said. "Let's dance. I'll marry you. I said I'll marry you, and I will—even if it piques him to pieces. But let's not talk about it any more tonight."

"Okay, baby," Douglas said. But when they were dancing, he added, "I'm sorry to say anything more, but I just want to make a suggestion."

"Yes?"

"There really isn't any reason for me to play golf with your father at all. I'll cancel our date for tomorrow and we won't have any more trouble."

"Swell," Hester said. "I love you, darling, because you are so clever."

J. B. Fellowes was still up when Hester came in. He had one of Hester's bracelets lying on the floor and clutched in his hand was a putter. There were some golf balls lined

up several feet from the bracelet. "Oh, boy," he said. "I've finally got my putting under control. I'll show that young rascal tomorrow."

"To what young rascal are you referring?" Hester asked.

"That double dealing Douglas Wakeman," J. B. said. "Who else?"

"Well," Hester said. "I explained that your chief objection to him was connected with his golf, so he has resolved not to play with you anymore. Thereby solving everything. We can be married with your blessing and live happily ever after."

J. B. straightened up, a pained squeal coming from his lips. "Quit me now?" he stormed. "Now that he's got me hooked, he is going to quit, eh? What's that young whippersnapper's telephone number? He's got a golf date with me, and he's going to keep it. I'll tell that—"

"I thought you were mad at him because he took advantage of you on the golf course. I'll be perfectly willing



to give you back whatever he's won from you. Then the Wakeman-Fellowes golf matches will be—"

"Want to make me the laughingstock of the club, eh? Want me to be public sucker number one. I tell you, young lady, I do not intend to compromise myself in that fashion. I'm going to get my money back and I'm going to do it on the golf course. What's his number?"

THE FOLLOWING afternoon at 2:05
Douglas Wakeman and J. B. Fellowes were standing on the first tee of the Glen Eagle Country Club, arguing. J. B. was of the loud and acrimonious opinion that a man who shot a seventy-eight should give a ninety-two shooter fourteen strokes!

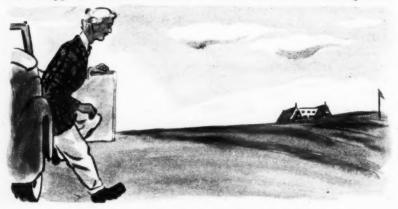
Douglas Wakeman was being quietly bitter on an eighty-three shooter giving an eighty-eight shooter more than six strokes. Thus it was when Hester drove up.

As she climbed out of the car it became apparent that she was not alone. The small sandy blob that had been sticking up above the door opposite her turned out to be a head. Attached to the head was what appeared to be a high starched collar. The collar had burrowed part way into a full-belted plaid jacket which halted near the lower thigh to reveal a pair of nondescript trousers that seemed to be trying to choke a pair of ancient spiked brogans. The whole effect was held in place by five feet six or so of middle-aged man.

"This, father, is Cousin Abner Mc-Pherson, a cousin of mother's from Virginia. He called up shortly after you left for the club. And this is Douglas Wakeman, Cousin Abner." Hester watched Cousin Abner shake hands and say, "How do you do?" in a slightly burry voice.

"Cousin Abner," Hester went on brightly, "brought his clubs when I told him you were at the club. He would love to join you, wouldn't you, Cousin Abner?"

Cousin Abner nodded in a guarded



"I wore my golf clothes," said Abner McPherson.

way. "I wore my golf clothes."

Douglas sidled over to Hester. "You're sure he's not stuffed?" he whispered.

J. B. concealed his displeasure as best he could. "Why sure, Mr. Mc-Pherson, glad to have you. I'll get you a caddy."

"Oh, no. No caddy, Mr. Fellowes," Cousin Abner said hastily. "A needless expense. I'll get my clubs from the car." He returned with an ancient canvas bag, what is called a Sunday bag. It held three clubs, a brassie, a five iron and a putter.

Douglas Wakeman gulped. "Is er—is that all the clubs you carry, Mr. McPherson?"

Cousin Abner nodded.

J. B. glanced helplessly at Douglas. "Well," he said ruefully, "let's get going. I'll play you like yesterday, Douglas. Ten, ten and ten. You give me nine strokes."

Cousin Abner stopped washing a lone ball he had fished from the patched pocket of his bag. "Wagering?" he asked, and there was a glint in his eye. "A little bet to make it more fun?"

J. B. admitted such was the case. "Well, I'm a fifteen handicap man," Cousin Abner said. "Back home, of course, we only have a nine hole course and sand greens . . ."

"We'll be glad to accommodate you," J. B. said. "Glad to. Now we might . . ."

Hester walked back to her car. She sat there until the bets were apparently settled and Cousin Abner drove. He had taken two tees from his bag that were tied together with a string. One of them he anchored firmly in the ground; on the other he teed his ball. After elaborate waggling he hit a strange low hook that traveled a hundred and eighty yards to the left edge of the fairway. She could see the triumph in her father's eye from where she sat. She put the car in gear and drove off.

THAT NIGHT at dinner, J. B. was exuberant. "I loved your mother," he said. "She was a saint on this earth, but she really had some strange relations."

"You refer," Hester said, "to Cousin Abner?"

"Yes, Ab, good old Ab." J. B. started laughing. "He used that old brassie—all his clubs have wood shafts, they are that old—on the sixteenth. A hundred and thirty-nine yards—and he used a brassie. Hohoho!"

"I suppose you gallantly beat him out of a lot of money?"

"No," J. B. said, "as a matter of fact we didn't. He was so lucky it was awful. He gave me five strokes and Doug gave him four and he beat us both, but he'll be a gold mine, that Cousin Abner. Imagine, a brassie on the sixteenth."

"Oh, I see."

"He admitted," J. B. said, "he'd never played a round like that before in his life. He's going to give me six strokes tomorrow. Hohoho!"

"How did you and Douglas come out?" Hester asked.

"Oh, Doug and I called our bets off on the side. We're going to trim this Godsend before we take up with each other again."

"You sound to me," Hester said, "suspiciously like a couple of links lice. After all, Cousin Abner can't have much money."

"He's got all he ever made," J. B. said. "Because he is not one to spend any. But we'll take him. A brassie on the sixteenth, hohoho!"

"By the way," Hester asked, "what did Cousin Abner have on the sixteenth?"

"That's what makes it so funny,"
J. B. said, trying to control himself,
"he hit a boomerang slice and the
ball came around to the green and
he got a two. That's what makes it so
terrifically funny. Hohoho!"

Later that night, driving Hester to the neighborhood movie house, Douglas Wakeman told her of the afternoon. "Boy," he said, "that Cousin Abner of yours, now there is a man who is really something on the golf course. Three wood-shafted . . ."

"Father told me of his eccentricities," Hester said a trifle coolly. "He also told me that he took sixty dollars from you two."

"Sure. Once the sheep killed the butcher," Douglas said. "But if I can't beat a man that uses a brassie on the sixteenth . . ."

"I heard he got a two."

"He got a two all right. Hohoho. He shoots a slice that practically circles that big tree off to the left and comes in backwards. Hester, I swear the guy was mixed up and was aiming at the wrong green."

"Well," Hester said, "if that's the

way it is, I'm glad he beat you once, at least."

"Tomorrow," Douglas said, "I am only giving him three strokes."

"Tomorrow," Hester said cryptically, "is another day."

Through what was reported as a series of disgustingly impossible miracles, Cousin Abner McPherson took unto himself sixty dollars more. By dint of holing out two approaches, shooting an accidental hook around the corner of the impenetrable thicket bordering the fourteenth fairway, and holing three putts of twenty feet or more, Cousin Abner came in with a seventy-nine. Which was eight strokes better than J. B.'s eighty-seven and only one stroke above Douglas's really sterling seventy-eight.

Hester, standing at the top of the steps, heard her father and fiancé come in, heard much grumbling and clinking of ice punctuated with an occasional guffaw as they played the round over again. When she came down they told her, breaking in on one another, of the afternoon's debacle.

"But," J. B. finished. "I'll say this for Ab, he's a dead game guy. To-morrow night he leaves. So tomorrow he plays us both for fifty, fifty and fifty, and he plays Doug even and he gives me nine strokes. He is a fool for punishment, that man, and I'd rather have his luck than a license to steal, but he is a square shooter."

"It appears a little strange," Hester said, "to see you two thus over a golf

match. It is really heartening."

"This is different," Douglas said with a sheepish grin, "the Glen Eagle honor must be defended even if it means submerging less important er—things."

"Harumph!" J. B. cut in. "Indeed, son, you've put it aptly. We can't both become laughingstocks."

Hester looked at them a minute and her eyes were wide and innocent. "Can't you?" she said.

Hester was at the tee the next day and she was not alone. All three members of the handicap committee were there. Chet Harris, the professional, who upon seeing Cousin Abner looked as if he had swallowed his chewing gum, and others. Strangely these others had names that corresponded to names that had once appeared in J. B. Fellowes' little black book with fat plus's and sums of money following their names.

"I have a strange feeling," Douglas whispered to Hester as Cousin Abner,

on the first tee, went through his preliminary and less complicated waggles, "as if I were being watched by a bunch of Chessy cats. Or Chessy tigers, perhaps; they are much too large for cats."

"I," Hester said a little fearfully, "have a feeling that our engagement is about to pass through a crucible." She looked up in time to see Cousin Abner unleash a drive that traveled two hundred and seventy yards down the center of the fairway.

J. B. Fellowes' eyes bulged and he shook himself as he stepped up to the tee and lashed at his own ball. It swung around in a graceful arc and stopped in the center of the fairway almost two hundred yards from the tee. Douglas's drive was somewhere between the two.

And thus began the weirdest exhibition that was ever witnessed on the rolling green of the Glen Eagle Golf Course. When Cousin Abner, leaning into a mashie shot with beautifully controlled power, clubbed his second

"I have a strange feeling of being watched by a bunch of Chessy cats!"



hole high and ten feet to the right of the pin, J. B. Fellowes and Douglas Wakeman knew that they had been had. They both looked at Hester, and they both looked at each other, and they both looked at the grinning gallery. Then as if the same pivot swung their eyes they both looked hard at Cousin Abner — both ground their teeth fiercely.

But they were game. They were dead game. They fought; they played their level best; they tried. They watched Cousin Abner play an intentional hook around the dogleg rough of the fifth to get himself a birdie, and still they both came up with magnificent pars.

They watched Cousin Abner slam a full brassie off a flat rock from the bottom of the brook that crosses the eighth fairway to save his par, and still they were both bogie and still putting with steady hands. They watched Cousin Abner, his ball nestled against a tree making it impossible to play, turn his putter backwards and hit the ball out a hundred yards down the fairway, left-handed. And still they fought on. In a way it was magnificent. Hester's eyes were dim with tears of pride.

It wasn't until the eighteenth that their splendid aplomb in the face of the grinning handicap committee, the grinning countenances of J. B. Fellowes' past victims, the awestruck caddies, broke.

Cousin Abner half topped his second and it trickled into a deep trap sixty yards from the green. When he found the ball, it hadn't fallen down into the sand but had caught on the side in the deep grass.

Cousin Abner surveyed the situation briefly, climbed down and ensconced himself precariously on the right side of the ball, facing toward the tee from which he had just driven. J. B. and Douglas stood watching him, their mouths frankly open.

Cousin Abner gave a final hitch to his peg bottom trousers, adjusted his ancient belted jacket a little more comfortably and clashed down at the ball with his mashie. For a moment it appeared to shoot straight up. But it wasn't going straight up; it was going back over the head of Abner McPherson, arching high and gracefully backwards toward the green.

It stopped eight feet from the pin.

A passing motorist thought it was a roaring lion that had escaped, while a maid on a Country Club drive said afterwards it sounded like a hip-



popotamus she had once observed at a circus,

But it was J. B. Fellowes, J. B. Fellowes, armed with a putter, baying in pursuit of Cousin Abner.

Douglas caught J. B., Douglas held him. Douglas was laughing.

J. B. stopped struggling. His own ball was on the green. Douglas was fishing the score card from his pocket. "If you get down in two, Mr. Fellowes, you've got a seventy-nine. If I get down in two I've got a seventyfour. I never broke seventy-five in my life."

J. B. looked. "Seventy-nine," he said. "My God."

"Take your time, Mr. Fellowes," McPherson said. "Lay it dead."

"That McPherson," Chet Harris told a goggle-eyed member of the handicap committee, "he's one of the greatest trick shot golfers in the world. I wonder where on earth Hester ever found him."

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I'm going to give her a vote of thanks, and I'm going to see that that old pirate's handicap is cut six strokes. And while I'm at it," he added, "I think we'll just reassign Mr. Wakeman a little different handicap, too."

J. B. Fellowes wouldn't take the money that McPherson tried to give back to bim in the locker room, and when Douglas followed him in he was buying drinks for all as if he'd made a hole-in-one. He called Douglas aside and they conferred a moment in low tones.

Douglas went out and reported to



"Is it all this much fun?" she murmured.

Hester. "Your old man had a stroke," he said. "A stroke of apology. And I still love you, darling."

"Oh, Doug, I was so scared. It was humiliating."

J. B. bellowed an answer, then, to someone who must have said much the same thing to him. It floated out to them quite clearly.

"Humiliated? My God, man! I had a seventy-nine."

"That's the way I feel about it, honey," Douglas said. "I never had a round like that before in my life."

"You know," Hester said. "Cousin Abner made it look so fascinating. I think I'll take up the game myself."

"In that case," Douglas told her, "let me show you the overlapping grip."

"Is it all this much fun?" Hester murmured at last.

Not of Our Species

Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show



• • While living in South Wales a few years ago, G. A. Birkenhead of Vancouver, British Columbia, made a practice of observing bird life from his bedroom window. He immediately discovered two birds' nests, one in a hypercanthus, and the other near the eaves of the house. The first was that of a blackbird, and the second that of an English robin. Both nests were filled with young birds.

One morning Birkenhead saw the mother robin, with a worm in her beak, sitting on a clothesline. She appeared to be looking about for possible enemies before taking the worm to her young. Birkenhead opened his window and leaned out to observe her actions better. The robin immediately spotted him, and considering him a potential menace, began hopping about nervously.

Suddenly she flew directly to the

blackbird's nest—both of the adult birds being absent—and carefully fed the worm to the young birds. In order to conceal the location of her own nest she had devised instantly a dangerous and highly effective procedure.



• • • The almost unbelievable activities of Pancho, the sophisticated sheep, are attested by the director of the Plaza Hotel of Cueto, Cuba, and by Lucian Alcatena, manager of the Compania Izara, Havana.

Owned by a colored stevedore, Pancho is devoted to his master. During the stevedore's frequent absences from home, the sheep waits at the front door of the town hotel. If his master does not return at the end of four days, Pancho goes to the town railway station and boards a certain train. Although 17 trains pass daily through the town, Pancho always catches the right one.

He travels in a first class carriage, as he is well known to the trainmen and accorded special privileges. At Alto Cedro he changes trains, never making a mistake, and goes on to Antilla, where his master works.

Occasionally his master has already started home. If this is the case, Pancho returns—by train. The trainmen swear that they never indicate to the sheep where to get off or how to change trains. They—as well as the persons mentioned in the first paragraph—are willing to swear on a stack of Bibles of astronomical height that the story as given above is true.



• • • In 1923 Alphonse Roy of Detroit was one of a party of timber cruisers camping in northern Canada. Sixty-two sleigh dogs were used by the expedition. Among the dogs were a father and son named Boxer and Prince. Boxer was a magnificent animal, while Prince was undersized.

Eventually the camp was split up, Boxer remaining at the original camp, while Prince was sent on ahead.

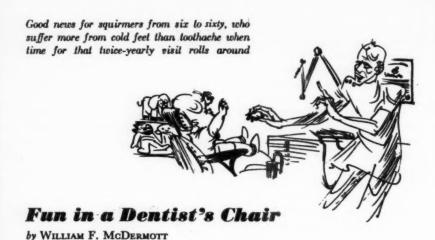
Without the protection of his mighty father, Prince received a number of sound beatings. After a particularly severe one from a dog named Jawbone, he left the advance base and headed for the original camp, 20 miles away. Late the same night he returned to the advance camp—but not alone. Boxer was with him. The two dogs attacked Jawbone and quickly killed him. Investigation proved that Prince had arrived at the base camp, gnawed through Boxer's rope, and departed with him.



• • During a trek through Indo-China in 1926, big game hunter F. J. Defosse bagged five elephants in one afternoon. The next day he chanced to pass the spot where the carcasses lay. Elephant tracks around the dead animals clearly showed that they had been visited the night before by their companions. One of the dead animals had been moved.

Intrigued, Defosse returned again the following day. The tracks indicated that the previous night elephants had again visited the bodies. On a third night the same thing occurred. This time all of the bodies were moved. Apparently the elephants had returned in the face of great danger to visit their dead.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.



FIFTY THOUSAND dentists from Maine to California, from Montana to Florida, weary of having their business talked of in phrases like "It almost killed me," "I nearly bled to death," and "The grinding drove me crazy," have launched a drive to substitute glamour for pain in their profession. They are using motion pictures, psychology, science, mechanics and self-anesthesia to put over the idea that dentistry can be entirely pleasant if taken in time.

They are attacking on two fronts: making it easy for those who get dental jitters because of horrid childhood memories of drills and jerks, and bringing up a new generation of patients, who from babyhood look upon the dentist as a sort of Santa Claus.

Today, old-timers who remember how the dentist bored right ahead regardless of the convulsions of pain, find two innovations: a kindly ear, and a gadget in the dentist's hand. By his manner, the dentist invites the patient to get it off his chest—how badly the tooth has hurt, how no one has ever had one quite as bad. A person talked out is usually relaxed—and a relaxed patient makes a good patient.

Meantime, the dentist has busied himself in preparation for his task. But before he begins work, he thrusts an electric switch into the patient's hand.

"This gives you instant control over the drill," the dental surgeon tells him. "I will take it just as easy as possible—but if it hurts too much, you can shut off the power." Repeated tests have shown that the average patient, knowing he can stop the drill at any time, calmly endures twice as much before shutting off the power.

This is not just guesswork. In Westport, Connecticut, Dr. Eric L. Bernstein, psychiatrist, spent many hours in the chair of a dentist, Dr. Norman Feitelson. "Give me the works," ordered Bernstein, and, for the sake of science, Feitelson did. They made scientific tests of the emotional, nervous and physical reactions. And they found the anticipation of pain was far worse than the realization.

They discovered a lot more, too. For instance, if a patient is well and happy, if he has just eaten a good meal and is slightly somnolent, he makes a good patient. His fear is at low ebb. Again, some people have mood cycles. One is most cheerful in the morning, another in the afternoon, a third in the evening. Whenever this peak is reached, it is the dentist's best time.

The cue has been taken by many dentists who now schedule their patients according to their dispositions. If there is no fear of pain and, therefore, no restlessness, the dentist can do his work in half the time. Presto, there is a chance for more elasticity to his schedule—also more time for bridge or golf!

Akin to the gadget whereby the dentist's patient can turn off the power, is the device by which he can turn on the gas and whiff the dental jitters away. More than 10,000 dentists have turned to analgesia to make visits to them more welcome. Analgesia means loss of sensitivity to pain. It's the first stage of anesthesia, which is loss of feeling. Means have been perfected whereby a patient can operate the machine without danger, giving himself just enough gas to exhila-

rate himself, at the same time producing sufficient numbness to allow the dentist to drill without discomfort. A rubber cap is fastened over the patient's nose, a hose connecting the cap with the gas tank. A rubber bulb enables the patient to pump enough gas to make the dental operation pleasant.

The modern dentist considers his patient a partner in an enterprise—therefore he should know all that is going on. If a patient knows exactly what is being done, and why, he will receive treatment with more ease. It's common now for dentists to show X-rays of defective teeth to their patients and explain the infection. Some dentists even make motion pictures of teeth to be treated and show what has to be done to restore them.

The University of Texas Dental School has introduced a new wrinkle in making 4-inch models of the various teeth to show how decay attacks. The models reveal the different ways decay affects and finally destroys the teeth. They have proved very effective.

Some dentists make models of the mouth in plaster and show how teeth grow together and what is necessary to be done when one has to be extracted. Others use stereopticon machines to project X-rays on a screen.

As for the ladies—bless 'em—the dentists know how to introduce them painlessly to dentures when their own teeth have fallen away. You never say "false teeth" any more. It's dentures now, and most ladies are con-

vinced when the dentist shows them photographs of other patients, before and after treatment. It works wonders, considering that 23 out of 25 women place appearance first and comfort second.

Psychology is used effectively in the battle on jitters. A Minneapolis dentist has radio earphones in the headrest on his dental chair, with controls near the patient's hand. Many dentists now play radios in their offices as they work.

Down in Dallas, Texas, 30-year-old Dr. T. V. Connor's pent-house office includes a juke-box control at the dental chair elbow, and the patient can select a series of twenty waltzes by Wayne King or Guy Lombardo for uninterrupted playing while work on his teeth goes ahead. Dr. Connor also has an air-conditioning system, fluorescent lighting, and sliding doors operated by push-buttons. Other modernistic touches help keep the patient's mind occupied. At the office entrance he steps on a treadle which automatically opens the door to a reception room. The dentist is also an amateur magician and sometimes makes people forget aching teeth by plucking nickels out of their hair or eggs out of their pockets.

A clever dentist may often pull a "surprise" on his patient when an extraction is involved. He makes a great to-do about injecting novocaine—still the universal local anesthetic—and blocking the nerves. He presses on the gums, "tests" the resistance of the infected or decayed tooth, and keeps talking all the time about get-

ting ready for the extraction. Suddenly he asks the patient to take a look—lo and behold, he is holding up the tooth between his fingers!

An effective weapon in the dentist's battle on pain is to get people to come early for treatment. The emphasis on appearance as well as the health of teeth has done a lot for this cause. Thirty or forty years ago broken teeth, yawning cavities in the front of the mouth, and exposed gums were ordinary. Now uncared-for teeth are a liability. In offices, in factories and in stores, girls with unbecoming teeth are shoved off to obscure corners.

BUT WHILE resourceful dentists are doing remarkable things in enlightening adults, their real genius is flowering out in bringing the new generation up to see that the glamour of shining white, even teeth can be attained pleasantly and economically. Take the eye-opening experience of Dr. Harry B. Shafer, who has made the little town of Anna, Illinois, famous in the dental world.

Dr. Shafer decided he would do something about child treatment. After "slumbering peacefully for 19 years, sadly neglecting my duty towards children"—as he puts it himself—he began to welcome children to his office. He joked with them, praised them, told them how he would make their teeth useful and attractive. He encouraged parents to look after their children's teeth, and urged "preventive dentistry" upon schools and clubs.

In three years Dr. Shafer's juvenile

practice quadrupled—he has developed a technique that makes dental visits for children a delight instead of a horror. He conspires with mothers to banish all thought of pain.

"Never say anything unpleasant about teeth to your children," he told them. "Stories, even jokes, about suffering in the care of the teeth distort a child's mind. Tell him the man will ride him up and down in a little chair, will make his teeth nice and white, and will show him some funny tooth brushes. Dress him up in his best clothes and tell him he's going to a nice, important place. Get an early start. Avoid rush and hurry. Your child will be ready and eager for the experience."

Meanwhile Dr. Shafer was ready for his part. He installed a child's size dental chair, fixed his equipment case to resemble a doll-house, and decorated his office with gay wall paper. He displayed a toy shelf from which a boy or girl could take his or her pick of presents.

When a mother and child came, he always met them at the door, shook hands and smiled. He answered lots of juvenile questions. He praised the little boy's new suit, and complimented him on wanting his teeth cared for. Then he cleaned the baby teeth, romped with him for a moment, gave him a toy, and invited both to come again.

Each succeeding time something different was done to build up the child's confidence in the dentist. The result was the youngster went to the dentist as naturally as he did to the play-ground—and constant supervision of the teeth prevented any deterioration that would cause pain.

One mother told another and the dentist's practice grew rapidly. He found that he could care very well for 300 children a year. He kept records for several years, and found the cost to parents was \$8.38 annually per child-certainly a reasonable price for keeping a child's teeth in good condition. He never keeps a child more than 30 minutes in the chair at one appointment and, except in an emergency, limits appointments to two per week. He has also found it advisable not to have a child keep his mouth wide open for more than ten seconds without rest.

Here's something interesting for other dentists to think about: Dr. Shafer has figured out that there are 750 children for every practicing dentist in the United States, half of whom go without any dental care whatever. But if each dentist would serve 300 children with regular care, it would mean a health revolution in the United States—besides providing dentists—many of whom do not now make a decent living—with adequate income.

THERE MAY BE many dentists who neglect educational opportunities, but not the American Dental Association itself, nor its public relations director, Dr. Lon W. Morrey. It carries on a vast program of education for the care of children's teeth, recommending that the first visit to the dentist should be made when the child is between two and three, before any cavity de-

velops. It offers myriad helps to dentists, parents, clubs and societies in the forms of placards, booklets, motion picture films, and programs for citywide school dental programs. It has all sorts of rewards which dentists can purchase at low cost to give to their tiny patients. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—one dwarf for each visit and Snow White for the last one!
—miniature elephants, a diminutive Santa Claus, comic strip characters, and so on.

There's a riot of fun to be had, too, in dealing with the kiddies on a dental basis, according to Dr. M. L. Davis of Louisville. When a trembling child approaches the dental chair he never asks him what tooth it is that hurts. Instead, Dr. Davis says "Well, do you think Dick Tracy will get away from those crooks?"

If the child shrinks away from the chair, the dentist pulls out a miniature sand-filled hour glass which he sets down near the youngster. Or he draws a funny picture on the back of the youthful patient's hand. He keeps a table filled with all sorts of gay dolls, picture books and colored pencils, from which the child can take his

choice when the appointment is over. There are also packages of bubble gum and tiny dentist's chairs. The result is Dr. Davis' office often looks like a happy kindergarten.

Some dentists are known to go even further by "anticipating" their patients. That is, once or twice a month they put away their instruments and throw a kid's party right in the dental office. They romp and play around the chairs, have a rollicking time, and enjoy plenty of good eats at the end. Interspersed are moving pictures of Mickey Mouse and a movie about good teeth.

It's all for the cause of good health, vital to a nation at war or at peace. The fact that the highest percentage of physical rejections of applicants and draftees for the Army is based on defective teeth indicates the significance of this movement.

Streamlined dentistry may prove not only a pain-killer and moneysaver, but also a nation-builder!

-Suggestions for further reading:

PAYING THROUGH THE TEETH: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF DENTAL NOSTRUMS by Bissell B. Palmer, D.D.S. \$2.00

The Vanguard Press, New York



Montague Dawson, contemporary English painter, has spent most of his life among ships of all classes, quite frequently at sea, and devotes as much time as he can to his favorite sport: yacht racing and sailing. His love of the sea and his ability to transfer it to canvas he learned from C. Napier Hemy, R.A., celebrated marine painter with whom, as a boy, he spent much of his leisure time.





ROM HARLOW, KRIPEL & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY



BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

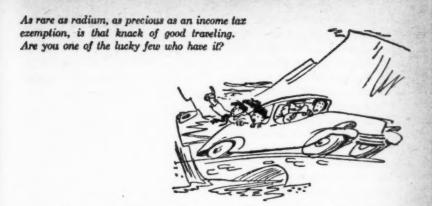


FROM HARLOW, KEPPEL & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY



BY MUNTAGUE DAWN





Aptitude Test For Travelers

by KATHERINE AMES TAYLOR

FOUR OUT OF every five, of course, claim that they have it—that knack for traveling. Yet I am always amazed to discover how few really good travelers there are in the world.

Take the Perkins, now. We'd known Sid and Nancy for years, but it wasn't until last summer that we took a trip together. It was a mistake. For while they are fine neighbors, their ways just aren't our ways—on the highways. Especially at mealtimes. Sid and Nancy don't hold with that quaint little whimsy of ours that half the fun of traveling is prospecting for food—tracking down the specialties of the country.

The Perkins travel by the clock instead of the little red guide book. Regularly, about 15 minutes before mealtime, Sid would pull out his watch and warn us to keep our eyes peeled for a good place to stop. We had so many minutes to go for food.

At the end of that time we stoppedand ate.

"A hamburger when you're hungry," Sid always said, "is better than a gourmet's meal when you're too tired to enjoy it." He may be right; I wouldn't know. We never got around to the gourmet's meal, for traveling with the Perkins was no adventure in good eating.

Choosing a stopping place for the night was even worse. There they

Katherine Ames Taylor says the writing bug got around to her only after she married her reporter-husband. The newly-wed Taylors were stopping at a hotel which also housed her current literary idol, G. K. Chesterton. Mrs. Taylor promptly interviewed Mr. Chesterton by the simple ruse of masquerading as a local correspondent. She wrote up the interview and the now-defunct New York Globe bought itfor \$3.80. Enchanted by the prospect of such easy money, Mrs. Taylor has been writing ever since, has, incidentally, managed to raise three sons. She claims the best story she ever wrote was one which she slanted for the American Boy—and which landed in Esquire!

went to the other extreme, leaving no bed unturned. Their technique was to hit a town about dark and start scouting it from stem to stern. Generally, of course, we returned to the first place visited only to find the "No Vacancy" sign flapping in our faces.

For my part, if I can't find the town's best bet, I'll settle for second or third choice—especially if I can have a hot bath before dinner. I'd rather put my faith in the guide book, select one of its recommendations and, forsaking all others, go to it like a homing pigeon with never a backward glance. What we haven't seen, in the way of alternates, isn't going to bother me.

At the outset, of course, we were all being too agreeable. We were so eager to please that no one would take the initiative and say, firmly, "This looks like a good place. Let's take a chance." No, sir, nothing as simple as that. Instead we had to go through that endless exchange-"Whatever the rest of you think. Anything is all right with me." (Like Blazes it is!) It was the old story of choosing the picnic site. Nobody would make up his mind. Now agreeableness, I grant, is a fine trait, at home and abroad, but there are times, in traveling, when the too agreeable person ought to be choked.

What the world needs, obviously, is an aptitude test for travelers. Something to take the hazards out of tripping with your friends. It's time somebody worked out a questionnaire to submit to prospective companions in advance, to show up their shortcomings the way those X-ray machines in shoe stores expose the corns and

calluses on your feet. Half a dozen questions, I'll wager, would reveal the most common faults among travelers. From experiences of our own in the past, I might offer the following suggestions for a starter.



I'd want to know, to begin with, if you are an Adjuster?

One, you know, who always wants the windows down when you want them up, and up when you want them down. Who loves to twirl the radio dials, switching off your favorite program to listen to one more to his liking. Who spots a better table in the restaurant, just as you are all comfortable seated, and herds you noisily to it. He demands Service, always, with a capital S. He counts that day lost if he can't send an order back to the kitchen to be cooked differently.

Sometimes he is a de-flater, too, like Harry, whom we picked up once in our travels. His mission in life was to assure us that the sunset we were enjoying at the moment, which looked like something pretty special to us, was, actually, only a second-rate sunset as compared to the one he saw over the Bay of Naples. Yet when he views his next sunset, in Victoria, it's bound to suffer by comparison to this, Anything you particularly enjoy on the trip he dismisses as being "tourist-y." It's all very well, he intimates, if you want to run out on that petrified log, like a chipmunk, and have your picture taken. He'll just wait in the car and try to be tolerant of your little foibles. He's been around.

But he wasn't around us any longer than we could help.



Are you a Walking Baedeker?

His is the next voice you will hear—behind you—explaining what you are going to see around every turn of the Bright Angel Trail. For he's seen it in the movies. He can—and does he!—tell you the chief products of each state. He's read them in a book. He's so busy, always, educating the natives and informing the rest of us, that he rarely gets around to making a discovery of his own. He returns from a six weeks' trip exactly as he left. And starts lecturing about his travels!



Are you a Mileage Maniac?

In the great open spaces you'll find them common as tumbleweeds—those jitterbugs on wheels who go places but see nothing. They whiz through space like Sonja Henie on ice, and whatever glimpses of scenery they catch in passing are like moving picture film speeded up. They travel with one thought in mind: to cover 396 miles today so they can do 426 tomorrow. Their trips are planned

like the President's day, with every minute accounted for, every mile measured.

They don't subscribe at all to our practice of setting aside one or two unprogrammed days at the start (floaters, we call them) which we tuck in the back of our minds as you would a spare bill in your vest pocket, for some special splurge. When the temptation assails you to stop over an extra day in New Orleans and take the boat trip down the river, you have that bonus day to spend. Mileage Maniacs would find that upsetting. They are out to hang up a record, like the 'Round the World Flyers. Detours make an obstacle race of their efforts.

Some day, though, I'm going to plan a trip of my own, made up entirely of detours, with a little straight motoring creeping in on the side. And no mileage maniacs need apply!



Are you a Late Riser?

That's one thing I'd like to establish early in the trip. Nothing starts a day off more disastrously than when one or two members of a party rise early, all set for an eight o'clock start, and then have to stand around for an hour, cooling their heels and warming their tempers, waiting for the others to show up. A quick cure for this, we've discovered, is to let the tardy ones buy the next meal. They soon get the idea.

But if you are a dyed-in-the-wool

sightseer, you know, of course, that the only way to get your money's worth is to rise with the lark. For you can steal a couple of hours of daylight in the morning, but you can't add 'em on at night, unless you keep rolling due north. We like to see the country through which we are traveling. Nothing riles me more than to go breezing through landscape I have never seen before, after dark, straining my eyes to glimpse the autumn foliage, or to see that foaming river I can hear so close at hand.

But the Sleepyheads don't mind. They actually prefer driving at night. "It's much easier," they say. "Less traffic. Besides, you can listen to the radio. Many of the best programs, you know, come on the air between nine and ten o'clock at night."

O.K., Sleepyheads. But we have a radio at home, and the next time we go sightseeing we'll slip off without letting you know.



Are you a Penny Pincher?

Always afraid of getting gypped? Having your trip spoiled by every price tag? The Blakes were like that. Perfect companions until they began fretting about expenses. Now it's great to be a budgeteer at home (the better you are the more trips you will wangle), but once on the road it's shockingly bad manners to brood over money. Eleven months shalt thou labor and be the management. On the

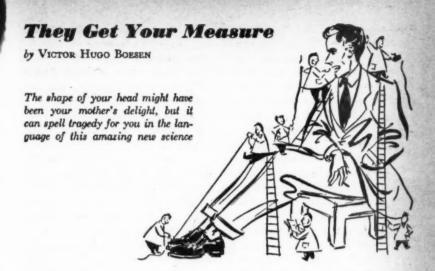
12th-just relax! Shed your domestic and financial troubles like a striptease artist. Have yourself a time. Travel costs money, of course, Plenty of it. The thing is to decide in advance whether you would rather travel first class for one week, with a Hey Nonny, Nonny, or second class for two-with only one Nonny! It's when you try stretching the first-class-for-one-week into two that the trouble begins. And you get that faraway look in your eve as you start mental calculations. at the table, while attempting to carry on a lively prattle. But why agonize? There's a full moon behind those palm trees, and a soft Gulf breeze in your hair. Doesn't that even things up?



Are you Adaptable?

Can you change plans on short notice without being thrown off-balance? If so, step up, please, to the top of our preferred list.

It's hard, of course, to be within 30 miles of a place you have long hoped to visit, and then have to turn back because of heavy rains which make the roads impassable. Or it's upsetting to have to lose the two most scenic days of your trip because of some editor's sudden whim. But that's travel for you. Full of unexpected acts of God and man. If you can't take them in good spirit, chances are you won't have to take them long. But if you can meet the exigencies of the moment, your traveling future is assured.



THERE HAD been a theft from a Los Angeles security house—an "inside job"—and the police were baffled. When it appeared that the case would go unsolved, the firm's president called in a man who claimed the ability to know a thief when he saw one: Edward V. Jones.

"Let's have a look at your employes," said Jones, a middle-aged man with dark, speculative eyes. "We'll just act as if I'm a visitor being shown around."

Escorted through the various offices, Jones met and spoke briefly but pleasantly to each worker, making no mention of the theft. "Let's invite your brother-in-law to have lunch with us," Jones suggested when the tour was over. "I'd like to talk with him a little more." Well before dessert, the culprit broke down and confessed.

Jones, a retired lawyer and jurist, heads the Personology Foundation, a non-profit group which he set up in Los Angeles after thirty years of study. Today, after checking the character of more than ten thousand persons against measurable facts of each, he appears to be succeeding. Literally and figuratively, Jones and his associates get your measure.

So well do they know people by what they exhibit in their physical pattern, that their analyses frequently fall almost into the realm of the occult. At Los Angeles Police Headquarters

Victor Bossen, ex-Hoosier farm boy turned newspaperman, went to Hollywood because he preferred to starve in comfort, remained to become a press agent and columnist. Before his decision to hie westwards, Mr. Bossen engaged in a number of journalistic activities, including a job at Chicago's City News Bureau, where he achieved a distinction as the only reporter who could get away with wearing a high hat and spats around a police station. Mr. Bossen says he doesn't much like the idea of himself being analyzed by a Personologist. He's sure he'll be told to go back to the farm, and he'd rather writs.

one day Jones was asked as a test of his claims to select from a group of photographs of policemen, any which showed unusual traits. He quickly sorted out four. "These men," he said with quiet conviction, "are potential suicides. If they haven't done away with themselves, the chances are they will."

It turned out that the four were already dead by their own hand.

Captain Stonewall A. Slavens, head of the Motorcycle Division, impressed by this feat, showed him pictures of several men under his command. Jones selected one and slowly shook his head. "I doubt if this fellow is still able to stand on his two feet," he remarked. "He's badly battered."

The circle of policemen gathered around him exchanged glances and snickered. The lone rider singled out by Jones was notorious for his mishaps, thirty-two crashes in two years.

The department was so taken with Jones' performance that it engaged him and the director of the Foundation, Eugene Memmler, formerly a teacher in the Pasadena public schools, to analyze each of 165 new men added to the motorcycle force. When one fourth were found to be prone to accidents, officials immediately ordered these not to "ride speed."

Today more than a score of Los Angeles policemen, from division heads on down, have studied the Personology system and are applying it in their work, while many others are attending classes in its instruction. Lieutenant Leon D. Egan, advocate

of the department, educated in psychology at the University of Chicago, has become a member of the Foundation's advisory board. Captain S. S. Stone of the robbery detail used Jones and Memmler to help him track down several criminals before learning their secrets for himself.

During a call on the director of education at a large California aircraft plant, Jones was shown a photograph of a man identified as a test pilot. He examined the picture carefully. "This man is very likely to crack up," he commented.

The pilot had died in a crash that morning.

While a photograph of the subject will suffice, Jones and Memmler prefer to work with a set of tools and take actual measurements. These consist of rulers, calipers, and a self-designed gauge which resembles a picture frame enclosing a panel of crossline mica.

With these they put the subject through sixty different measurements, beginning with the over-all dimensions of the body. They measure the hair thickness, the nose, eyes, mouth -all to one-thousandth of an inch. Their conclusions are based on the nature and degree of correlation of each measurement with the others. A man's ability to walk great distances, for example, isn't judged by the length of his legs but by their length in relation to his torso. The diameter of one's hair, taken with other signs, is an index to a person's sensitivity. Wide-spaced eyes, with head width and body height properly related, is one indication of tolerance. A wide head often means unusual courage.

No questions are asked the subject. The Personologists can deal just as well with a man lying dead. They will even forego a look at the subject provided they may learn something of his habits. Some years ago Jones put the police on the trail of a murderer, Edward Hickman, simply by examining the body of the victim for evidence of the killer's methods. He then directed an artist how to portray the man wanted.

But Jones and Memmler prefer not to be known as criminologists. Their work lies chiefly in the fields of vocational, juvenile and pre-marital counseling.

THE TIME to start guiding a person into the niche in life to which he is best suited, according to them, is soon after he is born. They maintain that the aptitudes and mental and emotional composition of a child may be determined when he is two years old. At that age, it can be told whether he is a potential Hitler, an Edison, a Longfellow, or just an average mortal.

However, they would begin even farther back than that; they would start before the child is born, before his parents have found each other.

Couples appear regularly at the Foundation's headquarters to learn if they are suited to each other, and usually they abide in good grace by the decision, whatever it may be. Memmler tells of one couple who came to them five years ago, and after a careful analysis were urged to

break off the engagement. They refused and today, with two abnormal children on their hands, they are slugging it out in a Los Angeles divorce court.

Of the thousands of persons Jones has studied and advised as to their vocational aptitudes, ninety percent were still working in the kind of jobs he recommended when last he polled them. A typical case is that of a young man who, twenty years ago, asked Jones whether he was fitted for anything but day labor. On Jones' advice to try salesmanship, he found a job selling trucks. Today this man owns a large home, a ranch, and a yacht. He sells trucks not singly but in fleets and makes his year's quota in three months.

Jones regularly counsels graduating classes at Los Angeles' Loyola High School and at many other colleges and universities on the west coast—always at the invitation of the schools' authorities.

The Personologists hold that the chief determinant in a man's fitness for his job is whether he is happy in it, and that the degree of his contentment is the measure of his success. If a man is dissatisfied in the kind of work he is doing, he not only is a potential law-breaker but a source of possible trouble to his employer; he may conceivably bring disaster on himself.

Jones was asked by an aircraft personnel director to analyze a certain new employee. Working from a photograph, Jones recognized the man as an artist by temperament and predicted that he would seek escape from his frustration in drink. Jones later learned that this employee had taken to alcohol and gone berserk, was confined to a state hospital for the insane and subsequently hanged himself.

One of many personnel men in southern California industries who have studied Personology and are applying it daily to obviate misfits among their employes is Walter W. Hulse of Kinner Motors, Incorporated, builders of airplane engines. "I started out to disprove it," says Hulse, "but the farther I got into it, the more convinced I was that here was something of tremendous value." Men now seeking positions with Hulse fill out no extensive application blanks. Hulse merely looks them over.

Dow Ayres of the North American Aviation Company is another California aircraft executive who has taken up the system. Shipyards and oil companies also are going in for it. The converts include physicians, clergymen, teachers and welfare workers.

Memmler insists that they could increase the hitting power of the United States Army by twenty-five percent without adding more men or equipment, simply by reshuffling the troops and officers and assigning them to duties they are fitted by nature best to perform.

A further evidence that the Personologists have built a better mouse trap is the fact that emissaries from all branches of the quack world appear at their doors daily. Lately the head of a so-called religious group in Los Angeles, currently entangled with the federal courts on charges of using the mails to defraud, offered Jones a substantial life salary in return for exclusive rights to the system. Of course he was turned down, but the incident raises an interesting thought:

Perhaps Personology may some day be used as a means of suppressing just such charlatans. With discontent limited through the general application of Personology in all walks of life, thus reducing the incentive to escape into false realms, the quack would soon lose his following.

The meaning of this is enormous. Society at last would have an end to the greatest quacks of all, the political frauds—the Hitlers, the Mussolinis and the Tojos, who, with their cunning blandishments, have led people into death and misery since the dawn of human history.



Yardstick

In these days a man is nobody unless his biography is kept so far posted up that it may be ready for the national breakfast-table on the day after his demise.—Anthony Trolloge, Doctor Thorns.

Streamlined Novel:



The Story Thus Far:

Three British spies, disguised as Nazi airmen, including Americanborn John Frazer, are humiliated by the apparent failure of their mission to Berlin-a mission which Britain had hoped would enable her to split the Axis. They seek evidence that Germany will turn on Italy, once England is defeated. Dr. Reinhardt Geist, at first denying he has prepared anti-Italian editorials, finally admits it. But before Frazer and his colleagues can search the house, Nazi planes and troopers are upon them. clamber aboard their captured Heinkel in an attempt to escape. Also aboard, mysteriously, is Elsa Geist, lovely niece of the Nazi propagandist. Now, as Squadron Leader Dix lies shot, and Whitefell wrestles with the controls, responsibility for warding off the Germans falls to John Frazer . . . who never in his life has put a hand to aerial machine guns.

PART IV.

A LURCH OF the Heinkel sent John Frazer reeling against its wall. Elsa, too, almost fell. Whitefell was trying to climb in a dangerous, zigzag course to escape the trap above them.

When the lurching ceased for a moment, John drew in a harsh breath. He sank to his knees beside Squadron Leader Dix. The man lay limp.

"Dix," he said. "Dix. . . . Can you hear me? Can you talk?"

Heavy-lidded eyes opened to look at him in pain.

"I'm going to carry you to the bubble," John said. "I'll try to use the guns. You tell me what to do. Can you manage it?"

Agonized lips forced out, "C-carry on-"

He caught Dix under the armpits.

This time Elsa lifted the man's legs. Together they got him along the catwalk. John, facing the girl in the dim light, was sure of her tears now. She couldn't fight them back, though she bit hard into her lip. They were dribbling down her cheeks.

Whitefell, in the cockpit, had to concentrate on darting away from the four vulture-like shadows he saw above. Nevertheless he ventured a swift glance along the catwalk. The presence of the girl bewildered him as much as it did John Frazer. But he couldn't wonder about her now.

When he saw John disappear into the bubble, he understood what was happening. His lips tightened, and he looked upward again.

John squeezed himself into the small steel seat. There was but one thing to help him: during the mock aerial combat over the Geist estate he had stood here, clinging to the wall, to watch Dix manipulate the guns. He had seen the Squadron Leader fire burst after burst. If he could recall the details. . . .

Experimentally he grasped the trigger. The battery of four guns, formidable as it appeared, moved with surprising ease. When he fired, his hands rattled with the vibration of the burst; the feel of it shook his whole body. He looked down for advice into the ghastly face of Squadron Leader Dix. The wounded man was trying to say something.

Elsa put her ear close to his lips.

Then she rose to call into John's ear: "He says he can't see any more! He says—carry on—"

John stared at Dix in anguish. He wanted to shout a last word, but there was a rattle on the plane, as of hailstones. He jerked up his head. The glass dome, like a miniature observatory, gave him a clear view of the skies. A black shadow had just raced past.

He saw the ear-phones and jammed them over his head. When he had adjusted the mouthpiece, he called, "Whitefell!"

"Yes. Give it to 'em, Frazer!"

"I'll do what I can. I've never handled--"

"When you shoot, make it no more than a second's burst at a time. Beyond a second, it's waste."

"How do I-"

"Watch it! Here's one!"

John saw it, too. A vulture diving at their tail. Whitefell banked in a sweeping turn, and the German passed within fifty yards. John swung the battery of guns and let a burst go too late.

But he'd learned something. With the German diving at almost 400 miles per hour, you had to aim ahead of the plane. You had to time your burst to a split-second.

Whitefell, darting left and right to confuse the Nazis, yet managed to climb.

"Clouds at six thousand," he said through the phones. "If we can get into them, we may have a chance. . . . What in hell is that girl doing here?"

"I don't know."

"What's she up to?"

"Working over Dix's wound."

"Is he all right?"

"No. He- Here comes another!"

This time he saw the Messerschmitt start its dive. He swung the guns around to aim. His whole body congealed through the seconds of waiting. Whitefell began to bank. The German was close, very close, his black nose shining—

John fired. He and the German gunner must have blazed away simultaneously, for he heard the clatter of bullets sweep the fuselage. A sunburst appeared in the dome over his head. But he saw something else, too—something that electrified him.

He had directed his fire straight into the Messerschmitt's nose. Now the plane went down instead of level-

ing off. Not in a power dive, but in a twisting, flopping way that made him gape. It continued down—down—

"Well done!" That was Whitefell's voice, crisp, like a clap of applause. "You got him."

It was sheer accident. John knew it, and it awed him. He must have hit the pilot. And he thought, illogically, of his brother Dwight. Dwight shot down like that by a Messerschmitt, his legs mangled. . . . It brought him a dazed sense of having dealt out some sort of retribution.

"We're at three thousand," said Whitefell; his grim tone seemed to imply, "And still alive."

John rapped out, "Two of them behind us!"

Whitefell didn't dive. The Germans would have dived with him, like hawks pouncing. Instead he went into a sharp, whistling bank that carried him in a course at right angles to the pursuing planes. Before they could follow they had overshot him. He zoomed skyward again. John could see now why Group Commander Whitefell had survived countless aerial battles; he handled a plane as if it were part of his own body.

The Germans turned, trailed doggedly. Three of them now. Their speed exceeded that of the Heinkel. John tried to sight his guns, but the angle was bad, the distance still too great. When they came higher and closer. . . .

He dropped a glance at Elsa. She was on her knees, working over Squadron Leader Dix. She had ripped his uniform away and was wiping blood from his naked back. Then she stopped, abruptly. She stared an instant. She lowered her head, as though to place her cheek against his. When she straightened, John asked:

"How is he?"

"He is-dead!"

John Frazer parted his lips, but he didn't speak. A surge of wrath over-whelmed him. He glared about for a plane to shoot at, He wanted to kill. The lust for it raged in his heart. He wanted to make somebody pay for the death of Squadron Leader Dix.

One of the Germans slipped into sight—behind the Heinkel, slightly above it. A black bat spreading its wings against black skies. He saw its guns spit jets of flame. Whitefell dived just in time to avoid a direct hit. Save for a brief metallic rattle, there was no scrious damage done to the Heinkel. As they passed, John poured flame into the Messerschmitt's underside. How much harm he did, he couldn't know; at least there was the sense of another escape—and of letting Jerry have a burst for Squadron Leader Dix.

Presently Whitefell said, "Five thousand feet." But something was wrong. His voice sounded thick, shaken. "We—we may make it, old man."

John called in alarm, "What's the matter?"

"N-nicked me that time."

"Bad?"

"No. Slashed cheek. Bleeding a bit."

Another German was diving at the tail. John wheeled his guns, let a burst go. Facing the spew of fire, the Nazi pilot instantly pulled away.

John turned burning eyes to Elsa Geist. "The pilot's wounded," he said hoarsely. "There's a first-aid kit under his seat."

Elsa at once turned and vanished along the catwalk. He still couldn't understand why she had come. When he remembered her hostility at the house, all this seemed fantastic. The change in her was unbelievable. If it weren't for the fact that she was deliberately risking her life in the plane—staking it on the Heinkel's chances of escape—he would have suspected some sort of trickery. But this, he knew, wasn't trickery. This was direct and reckless and, in a way, revolutionary.

In the ear-phones he heard Whitefell talking to her: "Thanks. Yes, it burns like hell. Iodine, isn't it? Give it plenty—if you can stop the blood, I'll be all right."

John looked around for the Messerschmitts. He saw the three of them coming from a side — a concerted charge now. Trembling in spite of himself, he turned the guns. Waited. It looked as if the three planes would screech over the Heinkel to give it a unified raking of bullets. He didn't know how he was going to beat off all three of them in a half second—

They plunged into a thick, enveloping blackness. Outside the bubble John could see nothing—not even rifts. It was as if he'd abruptly gone blind. It was breath-taking, and he sat gaping into it stupidly. A blackness that blotted out everything.

Clouds. Whitefell had made the clouds. In his joy at the realization, John all but rose. Clouds meant life, safety, a chance to escape. . . .

Whitefell's voice came, still shaky, yet carrying an undertone of grim triumph. "This is it, Frazer."

"They—they were almost on us—"
"I saw 'em. Hang on. I'm going to
do a bit of zig-zagging to throw 'em
off—if I don't zig-zag into one of them."

"How's the wound?"

"Not too bad. The girl's doing a good job. When we get a bit away from here, talk to her. Find out what she's doing with us. I—I've got to concentrate on this—"

"Can you hold out?"

"I'd better—what?" Whitefell paused after the cryptic words. "Stay in the bubble. Never know when we'll run out of these clouds. Can't hope to stay in 'em across Germany, France and the Channel."

The plane began its dartings. First a sharp bank to the left; it straightened and zoomed upward into thickening blackness. Looking through the glass, John had the sensation of hanging in something opaque, unearthly. A black sheet seemed to have been draped over the bubble, like a cloth over a bird-cage.

Well, there wouldn't be any immediate shooting in this.

He looked down at the still figure



of Squadron Leader Dix, scarcely visible; a shadow below him. Up in the cockpit Whitefell must have switched on a light over his instrument panel, and its diffused glow, very dim back here, was the only thing which gave Dix's body outline.

Bitterness welled through John Frazer. A mordant, racking bitterness. There was Dix, sacrificed. For what? For a failure. A wretched and pointless failure. For all the good this flight had achieved, the Goebbels notes and the editorials might as well have been myths in the intoxicated brain of Rudolph Hess.

He remembered the hopes with which they had taken off from British soil. Visions of acquiring papers which would swing the course of the war. Dix, with a nervous laugh, had said, "I feel like Jason hopping off for the Golden Fleece."

He'd hopped, all right. Straight into death.

John Frazer pulled himself out of

the steel seat, lowered himself to the catwalk. He felt abnormally rigid and chilled as he drew the body back along the catwalk, out of the way.

When he straightened he saw, vaguely, that Elsa Geist was reeling toward him. A blur against the glow in the cockpit. She reached him, and they stood very close together. So close that he could feel the spurts of her breath on his chin. When the plane rocked, they had to grasp at the walls for support.

"I took care of his cut," she said.

"That's fine. Now tell me-why are you here?"

She hesitated, then said, "Because I want to get out of Germany. I have been praying for a chance to get out of Germany."

It amazed him. After her attitude in her home, it was too much to accept. But before he could speak, she went on:

"I am sick of this new life. The lies. The killing. The rule of steel. I am sick of being a slave to Berlin!" She was bitter, and her hushed voice broke on the words. "Sick of living with spies in my home—spies who watch what you say, what you eat, what you read, what you think!"

John couldn't clearly see her face, but he suspected the tears had returned to her eyes. He said in wonder, "But why should there have been spies in your home? You were friends of Goebbels—"

"Friends?" The word quivered with

irony. He could no longer doubt the passion in her voice. "In Germany we do not trust friends any more. Kauber—Fritz Kauber—was Goebbels' eyes and ears in our house."

The plane swayed. John felt the girl clutch at his uniform.

"But my uncle knew why Kauber was there," she said, almost viciously.
"He despised Kauber. He—he despised the whole new order!"

"That's absurd," John snapped: "He's been one of their best propagandists. From the very beginning."

"At the beginning, yes." Her words trembled now. "That is true. At the beginning he was a great Nazi worker. He wanted honor for Germany, and dignity. Who didn't? And so he gave the new regime his pen, his time, his very heart. But he did not expect the Fatherland to be turned into the—the mad dog of Europe, biting in every direction."

"Yet he continued to work."

"He had to. It was continue or be seized for treason. I—I think he would long ago have rebelled if it wasn't for me. He was never afraid for himself. But he was always afraid that they would take me. After all, I have long—worked with him. I felt as he did, always."

"For somebody who hoped to get away with us," John said, "you were far from friendly—or helpful."

"I didn't know you were English. You were interested only in the anti-Mussolini editorials. İ—thought you were Italian. You didn't speak Eng-



John felt a shiver race through her.

lish, any of you, until you were in the drawing room with my uncle."

John looked up through the glass of the bubble. The clouds were still thick—an impenetrable black mass to which Whitefell managed to cling. Every minute in them carried the Heinkel four miles nearer to England. By this time the Messerschmitts must be far behind. But there was still Nazi-occupied France to cross.

The plane zoomed. Its rise sent Elsa Geist's slim body falling against John's. He caught her, and to support her he held her like that, tight against himself. He could look straight into her eyes.

"So you climbed into the plane to escape from Germany," he said, "knowing we'd probably be shot down."

"It was a risk," she admitted. "I had to take it. My uncle tried, too. We had both planned to go with you when the time came."

John regarded her in bewilderment. "When did you plan such a thing?"

"In the drawing room. Before all of you. We talked in Greek. He taught me Greek long ago, when he was still a professor at the university." She faltered. "It—it was better to talk in Greek. Those Nazi officers could not understand."

"But your uncle didn't come!"

"He—tried." She had to force the words. Holding the girl, John felt a shiver race through her. He heard it shake her voice. She said, "He ran with me. But—outside the house one of the rifle bullets—" She had to stop again.

For a time they were silent, and John Frazer stood dazed. He felt Elsa rest her forehead against him. She was sobbing. He knew now why he had seen tears in her eyes; and despite their danger, he experienced an aching sense of pity for her. He patted her shoulder, awkwardly. He muttered something.

"It smashed his head," Elsa whispered. "He—fell dead—" He didn't catch what she said. It didn't matter. He stood baffled, still patting he shoulder — wondering what wo happen to her in England, if ever reached England.

Holding her like this, he kr

wam't going to abandon her when they landed. He couldn't. He didn't want to. There was a thrill in the memory of her loveliness. He wanted to be close to Elsa Geist. . . .

He said, "We're going to have a job when we get to Britain. They'll probably want to intern you."

She lifted her head. To his surprise, ahe answered, "No, I don't think they'll do that. I'll show them that I am not an enemy. I have the Goebbels notes and editorials."

"What!"

"I got them from the bedroom. My uncle wanted me to give them to you."

John Frazer felt a rush of heat to his head. With a convulsive movement he hardened his hold on the girl. He became hourse, said something that was only a stammer. "I got them when you ran out of the house," Elsa said. "That was why my uncle and I were so far behind you." She fumbled under her sweater and brought out a packet of papers. "Here. I don't think the English will put me into a prison camp for this."

John stared at the packet, incredulous. He was suddenly trembling. He was dumbstruck. With his heart pounding hard, he made her turn. He pulled her along the catwalk toward the cockpit. He had to sell Whitefell about this. In his eyes there was a new glow, a kind of fever.

"God, no," he said huskily. "Not in a prison camp. Never. But they'll put you in Trafalgar Square—that is if I ever let them take you away from me?"

THE END

How It Started

A CERTAIN man used to call each morning at the wholesale hardware store of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co. in Chicago, and buy various household utensis that he put into a pack and sold from house to house. He aimed to buy only what he could sell that day and usually contrived to come out even. But he couldn't greatly increase his business because there was a limit to how much hardware he could carry

on his back. Then he hit on the idea of taking orders, as he went about, for items to be delivered later. Later he found he could take orders just by mailing a list of suggestions.

Thus be started a mail order business. It is going yet. The man's name was Montgomery Ward.—Frederick Charters

> Seven photos used in 12 Million Black Voices through courtesy of Fritz Henle

Richard Hery:

12 Million Blusch Volces

by RIGHARD WRIGHT, out or of "Notice Sout

Based on 12 Million Black Voices, a most Viking Press publications photo direction by Edwin Rosskum

In A Section of Individual Electic Rectains Wrights Annually fell like a branched by New America's arbitrary Section accepts the fine spacetring with this document of the experience at a such attainst and off from American apparatually by a visit section predictions. Before a American present a sold. Mr. Wright what effect the war infent baye on the American National Section 1990 is Included by American and the text. Most of the protocol section in the New American Regular and the protocol section of the sext. Most of the protocol section is the New American Regular for the sext.



Vou we ain't got nobody, tail no one gives a'care

What is the stand of America's largest minority group in today's warswept world? We asked Richard Wright—and here is his thoughtful answer:

In the present world struggle the American Negro is allied with the anti-Axis powers. To put it bluntly, while there are many things wrong with American democracy as far as the Negro is concerned, his wrongs will not and cannot be righted by Hitler, Mussolini or Hirohito.

We are fighting to defeat those enemies. But we must also fight to preserve the kind of America where the struggle for the extension of democracy can be taken up with renewed vigor when our enemies are crushed.

Still there lurks a danger to our war effort: we may accept too readily a unity built upon the suppression of those who petition for a redress of authentic grievances. We forget that it is not the oppressed who produce the best warriors for freedom.

Japanese agents have been active among Negroes in many of the Black Belts of our large cities; they should be and are being driven out. But the best way for America to insure against any Negro listening to the pipe-dreams of treacherous Japanese agents is to see that the Black Belts are eliminated. To end the evils depicted in these pages is a measure of national defense. Let us be done with evasions and go forward to win the war, doing those things that will make our nation strong, unafraid and whole-hearted in its dedication to victory.

Harton Might

E folk upon the dusty farm or hard city pavements, you take us for granted. But we are not what we seem.

Our outward guise still carries the old familiar aspect which three hundred years of oppression in America have given us, but beneath the garb of the black laborer, the black cook, the black elevator operator, lies an uneasily tied knot of pain and hope whose snarled strands converge from many points of time and space.

We black folk were born into Western civilization of a weird and paradoxical birth. The men who tore us from our native soil, weighted our legs with chains, stacked us like cord-wood in the foul holds of clipper ships, and dragged us across thousands of miles of ocean, held locked within their hearts the fertile seeds that were to sprout into a new world culture, that were to blossom into a higher human consciousness. But their sense of the possibility of building a more humane world brought devastation and despair to our huts on the long, tan shores of Africa.

That captivity blasted our lives, disrupted our families. Our folkways and folk tales faded from consciousness. We were stripped of everything—left only the feelings of fear and fatigue. Our bent backs gave design and order to the fertile plantations of the new world. Vast palatial homes were reared by our black hands. Our masters had a glittering prize but, blinded by it, they could not detect the stealthy forces that would wreck their empire and disperse us black





men like whirling atoms upon the face of the earth.

We were finally freed. But it was a gnawing sense of guilt, a cloudy premonition of impending disaster, a soil becoming rapidly impoverished, rather than the strength of moral ideals alone, that freed us.

The Lords of the Land

Today, more than one-half of us black folk in the United States are tillers of the soil—and most of these are sharecroppers and day laborers. The land we till is beautiful, with red and black and brown clay, with fresh and hungry smells, with pine trees and palm trees, with rolling hills and swampy delta. The land is rich—but we are poor.

To paint the picture of how we live on the plantations is to compete with the movies, radio, newspapers—even the Church. They have painted one picture: charming, idyllic, romantic; but we live another: full of the fear of the Lords of the Land, bowing and grinning when we meet white faces, toiling from sun to sun, living in unpainted wooden shacks.

If a white man stopped a black on a southern road and asked: "Say, there, boy! It's one o'clock, isn't it?" the black man answered: "Yessuh."

If the white man asked: "Say, it's not one o'clock, is it boy?" the black man answered: "Nawsuh."

Always we have said what we thought the whites wanted us to say.

So our years pass within the web of a system we cannot beat. We do not care if the barns rot down; they do not belong to us, anyway. In cold weather we strip and burn boards from our shacks and palings from the straggled fences. During long winter days we si: in cabins that have no windowpanes; the floors and roofs are made of thin planks of pine.

To supplement our scanty rations, we take our buckets and roam the hillsides for berries, nuts or wild greens; sometimes we fish in the creeks; at other times our black women tramp the fields looking for bits of firewood, piling their aprons high, coming back to our cabins slowly, like laden donkeys.

Our black children are born to us in our one-room shacks, before crackling log fires, with rusty scissors boiling in tin pans, with black plantation mid-wives hovering near, with pine-knot flames casting shadows upon the wooden walls, with the sound of kettles of water singing over the fires in the hearths. Many of our schools are open for only six months a year, and allow our children to progress only to the sixth grade. The schoolhouse is usually far away.

But Sunday is a glad day. We call our children to us and comb the hair of the boys and plait the hair of the girls. We wrap the girls' hair in white strings and put a red ribbon upon their heads; we make the boys wear stocking caps to keep their hair in place. Then we rub hog fat upon their faces to take that dull, ashy look away from skins made dry and rough from the weather of the fields. In clean clothes ironed stiff with starch made from flour, we hitch up the





You'll grove up doin' nigger work In dust and dirt and grime



Euconderin' where yo' next meal is

mule to the wagon, pile in our Bibles and baskets of food—bog meat and greens—and we are off to church.

The preacher tells of days long ago and of a people whose sufferings were like ours. He preaches of the Hebrew chitdren and the fiery furnace, of Daniel, of Moses, of Solomon and of Christ. What we have not dared feel in the presence of the Lords of the Land, we now feel in church. Our hearts and bodies swing out into the meaning of the story the preacher is unfolding. Our eyes become absorbed in a vision.

On Saturday nights, we go to the crossroad dancehall and slow drag, ball the jack and Charleston to an old guitar and piano. Dressed in starched jeans, an old silk shirt and big straw hat, we swing the girls over the plank floor, clapping our hands, stomping our feet and—singing.

But there are times when we doubt our songs; as our children grow older, they leave us to fulfill the sense of happiness that sleeps in their hearts. Unlike us, they have been influenced by the movies, magazines and glimpses of town life. We despair to see them go, but we tell them that we want them to escape this life.

The Bosses of the Buildings

And then news comes of better places to go. The Bosses of the Buildings send men down from the North, telling us how much money we can make digging in the mines, smelting ore, laying rails and killing hogs. They tell us that we will live in brick buildings, that we will vote, that we

will be able to send our children to school for nine months of the year, that if we get into trouble, we will not be lynched, and that we will not have to doff our hats, slap our thighs and laugh when we see a white face. We listen, and it sounds like religion.

And so finally, for the first time in our lives, we straighten our backs, drop the hoe and walk off.

"Hey, where the hell you going, nigger?"

"I'm shaking the dust of the South of my feet, white man."

"You'll starve up north, nigger."
Perhaps never in history has a more utterly unprepared folk wanted to go to the city. We, who were landless upon the land; we, who had barely managed to live in family groups; we, who needed the guidance of institutions to hold our atomized lives together in lines of purpose; we who had had our personalities blasted with two hundred years of slavery and had been turned loose to shift for ourselves—we were such a folk as this when we moved into a world destined to test all we were.

We see white men and women get on the train, dressed in expensive new clothes. We look at them guardedly and wonder will they bother us. Will they ask us to stand up while they sit down? Will they tell us to go to the back of the coach?

But nothing happens. These white men seem impersonal, and their very neutrality reassures us—for a while. The miles click behind us. We feel freer than we have ever felt before, but we are still a little scared. It is



Your bones'll ache from totin' loads On shoulders sorely bent



You'll toil and sweat day after day To pay de white main rent



You'll find, no matter where you go-No matter how you figger



The rule is: everythin' for whites

like a strange dream.

Timidly, we get off the train. We hug our suitcases, fearful of pickpockets, looking with unrestrained curiosity at the great big brick buildings. Then we board our first Yankee street car to go to a cousin's home, a brother's home, a sister's home or a friend's home. We pay the conductor our fare and look about apprehensively for a seat. A white man comes and sits beside us, not even looking at us, as though this were a normal thing to do. The muscles of our bodies tighten. Indefinable sensations crawl over our skins and our blood tingles. Out of the corners of our eyes we try to get a glimpse of the strange white face that floats but a few inches from ours. The impulses to laugh and to cry clash in us; we bite our lips and stare out of the window.

There are so many people. We cannot see or know a man because of the thousands upon thousands of men. We learn that the brisk, clipped Bosses of the Buildings are not at all indifferent. They are deeply concerned about us, but in a new way. It seems as though we are now living inside of a machine. In the South men spoke to you, cursed you, yelled at you or killed you. But here in the North cold forces hit you and push you. It is a world of things.

Our defenseless eyes cloud with bewilderment when we learn that the gigantic American companies will not employ our daughters in their offices as clerks, bookkeepers or stenographers; huge department stores will not employ our young women, fresh from school, as saleswomen. The engineering, aviation, mechanical and chemical schools close their doors to our sons, just as the great corporations which make thousands of commodities refuse to employ them. The Bosses of the Buildings decree that we must be maids, porters, janitors, cooks and general servants.

The Kitchenette's the Thing

We live in crowded, barn-like rooms, in old rotting buildings where once dwelt rich native whites of a century ago. And because we are black, because our love of life gives us many children, because we do not have quiet ways of doing things, white people say we are destructive and therefore do not want us in their neighborhoods. We are afraid to venture into other sections of the city. When we do go, we always go in crowds, for that is the best mode of protection.

White people say that they are afraid of us—which makes us laugh.

When they see one of us, they either smile with contempt or amusement. When they see two of us, they treat us as though some grave thought were on their minds. When they see four of us, they are usually silent. When they see six of us, they become downright alarmed. And because they are afraid of us, we are afraid of them.

They say our presence in their neighborhoods lowers the value of their property. They make up their minds, because others tell them to, that they must move at once if we rent an apartment near them. And







then, when the white folks move, the Bosses of the Buildings convert these old houses into "kitchenettes"-and rent them to us at fabulous rates.

They take, say, a seven-room apartment which rents for \$50 a month to whites and cut it up into seven small apartments of one room each: they install one small gas stove and one small sink in each room. The Bosses of the Buildings rent these kitchenettes to us at the rate of, say, \$6 a week. Hence, the same apartment for which white people pay \$50 a month is rented to us for \$42 a week!

Sometimes five or six of us live in a one-room kitchenette. The kitchenette is our prison, our death sentence without a trial. With its filth and foul air, with its one toilet for thirty or more tenants, it kills our black babies so fast that in many cities twice as many of them die as white babies.

The kitchenette provides an enticing place for crimes of all sorts-the noise of our living, boxed in stone and steel, is so loud that even a pistol shot is smothered.

The kitchenette blights the personalities of our growing children, disorganizes them, blinds them to hope. It jams our farm girls, still in their teens, into rooms with men who are restless and stimulated by the noise and lights of the city; and more of our girls have bastard babies than the girls in any other sections of the city. It urges our black boys to run off from home, to join together with other black boys in gangs, that brutal form of city courage.

"We Do Nigger Work"

In the main, we black folk earn our living in two ways in the Northern cities: we work as domestics or laborers. We are hired at low wages and perform "nigger work." Our choice is between eating and starving, and we choose to eat.

Mainly our jobs in industry come to us through strike-breaking. The white workers, who will not admit us to membership in their powerful trade unions, go out on strike against the wage cuts and long hours imposed by the Bosses of the Buildings. To break the strike, the Bosses of the Buildings appeal to us black folk to work; they promise us "protection"; they tell us that they are our "best friends." We do not want to be scabs: we do not not want to snatch food from the tables of poor white children. We, of all people, know how hungry children can be.

But we have no choice; so, trembling and scared, we take spikes, knives and guns, and break the picket lines. And when the work day is over, we find ourselves fighting mobs of white workers in the city streets. In such a way do we black folk gain a precarious foothold in the industries of the North.

Innocently, we vote into office men to whom the welfare of our lives is of far less concern than yesterday's baseball score. The gangster-politicians play a tricky game. During election campaigns they come into black neighborhoods and inform us that the whites are planning to attack us—that they alone are our friends and



An' you'll tap a boogle beat To dat low-boun rhythm



will protect us if we vote for them. They ask our black boys to become precinct captains, and our boys consent, for here is the promise of a job behind a desk, the kind of job that the whites do not want us to have.

Yet through the years our loyalty to these gangster-politicians remains staunch, because they are almost the only ones who hold out their hands to help us, whatever their motives. It is the gangster-politician who distributes baskets of food to our poor black families at Christmas time; it is the gangster-politician who advises the distraught black home-owner who is about to become a victim of a mortgage foreclosure; it is the gangsterpolitician who directs the black plantation-born grandmother to a dentist to have her teeth pulled; it is the gangster-politician who bargains our black boys out of jail when they clash with the law.

But nevertheless bloody riots break forth over trifling incidents. Throughout the North tension mounts; the atmosphere grows ripe for violence. Suddenly, over anything an altercation between a black boy and a white boy on a beach, a whispered tale that some white man has spoken improperly to a black girl, the fact that a black man has accidentally stepped on a white woman's footstreet-fighting flares. They kill us and we kill them. We both feel that we are right.

State troops come and impose order. When the fighting is over, we bind up our wounds and count our dead. We say that life for us is daily

warfare: our kitchenettes comprise our barracks; the color of our skins constitutes our uniforms; the streets of our cities are our trenches; a job is a pillbox to be captured and held. The gangster-politicians are our captains, and the Bosses of the Buildings are the generals who decree the advance or retreat. We are always in battle, but tidings of victory are few.

"Only the Negro Can Play"

ALONE together with our black folk in the towering tenements, we play our guitars, trumpets and pianos, beating out rough and infectious rhythms that create an instant appeal among all classes of people. Why is our music so contagious? Why is it that those who deny us are willing to sing our songs? Perhaps it is because so many of those who live in cities feel deep down just as we feel. Our blues, jazz, swing and boogie-woogie are our "spirituals" of the city pavements-our longing for opportunity.

We lose ourselves in violent forms of dances in our ballrooms. The faces of the white world, looking on in wonder and curiosity, declare: "Only the Negro can play!" But they are wrong. They misread us. We are able to play in this fashion because we have been excluded, left behind. Every powerful nation says this of the folk whom it oppresses in justification of that oppression.

They smile with cold disdain when we black folk say that our thirst can be slaked in art, our tensions translated into industry, our energies applied to finance, our delight in the





world converted into education and our love of adventure find fulfillment in aviation.

And so our adoration of color goes not into murals, but into green, red, yellow and blue clothes, not into education, but into laughter and songs,

Our Songs and Prayers

DESPITE our new worldliness, despite our rhythms, our colorful speech and our songs, we keep our churches alive. Only when we are within the walls of our churches are we wholly ourselves. In our collective outpourings of song and prayer, the fluid emotions of others make us feel the strength in ourselves.

Our churches are centers of social and community life, for we have virtually no other mode of communion and we are usually forbidden to worship God in the temples of the Bosses of the Buildings. Our churches provide social activities for us, cook and serve meals, organize baseball and basketball teams, operate stores and businesses, conduct social agencies. Our first newspapers and magazines were launched from our churches.

In the Black Belts of the Northern cities, our women are the most circumscribed and tragic objects to be found in our lives, and it is to the churches that our black women cling for emotional security.

Outside of the church, many of our black women drift to ruin and death on the pavements of the city; they are sold, by white men as well as by black, for sex purposes. As a whole, they must go to work at an earlier age than any other section of the nation's population. For every five white girls between the ages of 10 and 15 who must work, 25 of our girls must work; for every five white mothers who must leave their children at home in order to work, 25 of our black mothers must leave theirs.

Many of our children scorn us; they say that we still wear the red bandanna about our heads, that we are still Uncle Toms. We lean upon our God and scold our children and try to drag them to church with us, but just as we once, years ago, left the plantation to roam the Sou h, so now they leave us for the city pavements.

We watch strange moods fill our children, and our hearts swell with pain. The streets, with their noise and flaring lights, the taverns, the automobiles, the poolrooms claim themand no voice of ours can call them back. They spend their nights away from home; they forget our ways of life, our language, our God. Their swift speech and impatient eyes make us feel weak and foolish. We cannot keep them in school. We fall upon our knees and pray for them, but in vain. The city has beaten us, evaded us.

Our tired eyes turn away from the turnult of the battle. . . .

"We Shall Be with Them?"

WE ARE the children of the black sharecroppers, the first-born of the city tenements. There are millions of us, and we are moving in all directions. Some of us feel our hurts so deeply that we feel it futile to hope in terms of American life. Our distrust









is so great that we form intensely nationalistic organizations and advocate the establishment of a fortyninth state for us.

There are even among us groups that forlornly plan a return to Africa.

A few of us have money. We make it as the white folks make theirs, and our standards of living approximate those of middle-class whites. But the majority of us still toil on plantations, work in heavy industry and labor in the kitchens of the whites.

We say now: if we black folk had been allowed to participate in the vital processes of America's growth, America would have been stronger and greater!

We say that we, our history, our present being, are a mirror of all the manifold experiences of America. What we want is what America is. And if we perish, America perishes.

What do we want?

We want the right to share in the upward march of American life.

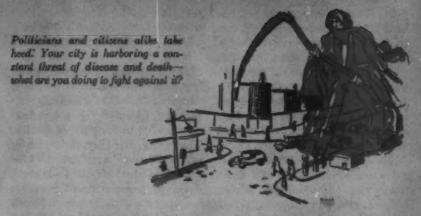
The Lords of the Land say: "We will not grant this!"

We answer: "We ask you to grant us nothing. We are winning our heritage, though our toll in suffering is great!"

The Bosses of the Buildings say: "Your problem is beyond solution!"

We answer: "Our problem is being solved. We are crossing the line you dared us to cross, though we pay in the coin of death!"

We are with the new tide. We stand at the crossroads. We watch each new procession. Voices are speaking. Men are moving. We shall be with them!



Death in a Drinking Fountain

by MICHAEL EVANS

In the winter of 1937 the Ohio River was on the rampage. Yellow flood waters had swept downstream hundreds of miles. And now they were at Louisville. The radio stations worked a 24-hour day schedule, broadcasting orders which might mean the difference between life or death.

"Announcement : : Emergency : . . Boil all drinking water : . . Boil all water in the city mains is no longer safe for drinking . : . Boil all water : : . Boil all water : : . .

Only the drama of those broadcasts was new. The warning itself was very old. Four thousand years ago Sanskrit scholars laboriously chiseled out on their tablets of clay that same warning: "To keep water sweet and pure, collect it in copper vessels. Expose it to the sunlight. Filter it through charcoal. For drinking, boil water."

Boil water. That precaution is forgotten by average Americans until some disaster like the Ohio flood brings it forcibly to their attention.

The reason rests in the vast network of pipes which underlies the modern American city. Those ugly lengths of cast iron and molded concrete do not look very dramatic. Nobody ever made a motion picture in which the sewer digger was the hero. The story of Joseph Lister's discovery of antisepsis has a golden place in medical history. But did you ever hear what gave him the idea? Not far from the University of Glasgow Hospital where he was at work were the settling tanks of the Glasgow sewage system. Interested in the way creosote was applied to the sewage to kill the strong odor, Lister determined to apply this powerful fluid to gangrenous wounds. Of course the unknown Glasgow sewer man who gave Lister the idea has been forgotten.

Talk to a public health specialist if

you want some idea of the progress since grim old pioneers laid the first crude sewers and water mains in America not much more than 100 years ago. The figures tell the story. Take typhoid fever, for example. The average doctor in America does not see a case of typhoid once in a blue moon. Yet only 40 years ago typhoid was the great American killer.

Ninety-five percent of the lives saved today can be chalked up to a single factor: pure water and good sewers. Diseases transmitted by water and contamination have almost vanished, except in remote rural areas.

London was the first large city to appreciate the sanitary value of storm sewers. It opened them up to human use in 1815. Boston was the pioneer in this country—in 1833. Yet, startlingly enough, not until as recently as 1915 did Baltimore complete its sewer system—the last large city in the United States to do so.

Chicago built her first sewers in 1858 and has been the sewer headache of the country ever since. The smell of Chicago's sewer problems has become a national scandal. It is probably the only sewer system in the world to take rank as a creator of international illwill.

For the first 30 years or so, Chicago's drains discharged raw, untreated sewage directly into Lake Michigan. As the city grew and the great south side packing plants multiplied, the fame of Chicago's bad smell wafted over the western world. The lake-shore was ruined. The water was con-

taminated. The city's health was threatened. By the late 1890's even Chicago's tough sensibilities were aroused.

So Chicago tackled its sewage problem with vast and unprecedented measures. Instead of sending its sewage into Lake Michigan it would now send it to the Gulf of Mexico. That decision aroused the wrath of practically every state from the Mississippi to the Hudson. It brought diplomatic protests from Canada. It brought some of the most complicated decisions ever rendered by the United States Supreme Court.

This indignation was set off by what was by any technical engineering standard an amazing achievement—the reversal of the direction of flow of a major watercourse, the Chicago River. Engineers turned the Chicago so that it drained out of Lake Michigan instead of into the lake.

To accomplish this required huge quantities of water. At first the only complaints came from the downstream cities which objected to the huge sewage bulk spewed past their front yards. These objections were reinforced by the complaints of Canada and the Great Lakes states that Chicago was robbing them of lake water needed for shipping. By 1925 the level of the lakes had fallen two feet, of which at least five inches was traced indisputably to Chicago's sewage co-lossus.

In 1925 the U.S. Supreme Court intervened and ordered Chicago to cease its robbery of the Great Lakes. In 1930 the court ruled again, and in

1941 it ruled a third time. Gradually Chicago is being pressured into abandoning use of the backward flowing river as an open sewer.

But Chicago is not the only big city with a sewer headache. A typical case is Philadelphia, which has the distinction of being reprimanded by President

Roosevelt himself for the "stinking" condition of the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers. This condition was attributed by federal authorities to Philadelphia's failure to take suitable steps to finance a proposed \$24,000,000 sewage treatment plant.

This spotlight on the Schuylkill is typical of the drive of the past 10 years to clean up the rivers of America. Most cities not only discharge sewage into rivers, but they draw from the rivers their drinking water.

Along a stream like the Ohio, where hundreds of cities line the banks from its rise in West Virginia to its entry into the Mississippi at Cairo, the problem becomes almost insoluble.

For example, one recent winter there was an outbreak of intestinal disorders at Charleston, W. Va. A few days later the disease appeared in another town downstream from Charleston. Then it showed up in another and another. Seven cities along the Ohio had epidemics of the disorder. The U.S. public health service found that a polluting substance had been drained into the river above Charleston, and had coursed down the river, spreading illness in its train until finally it was sufficiently diluted by the growing river to become innocuous. Sanitation engineers believe the Ohio is now carrying so heavy a

load of sewage that it is approaching the danger point for use as a drinking water source.

In this country, sewage is usually dumped into the water in one of three forms—raw, partially treated or fully treated.

Few big cities still dumpraw sew-

age into open streams. But a number dump large quantities which is treated only in the sense that it is heavily diluted with water. Among these cities are Boston, New Orleans, St. Louis and Pittsburgh.

In contrast, Baltimore, Milwaukee (and even Chicago) and the Massachusetts experiment station at Lawrence have taken a lead in purification of sewage by use of bacteria and micro-organisms to break it down.

Most sewage treatment plants operate on a principle something like that used by gold miners in panning gold. Sewage is flowed across settling tanks. Bulk matter settles to the bottom while the fluid flows off. The tanks are stirred or mixed while bacteriological decomposition breaks sew-

A Book-of-the-Month selection acclaimed as an outstanding novel about Pan-Americanism!

Young Man of Caracas— Venezuela, vengeance, vanities—a swell story! age down into a bland, non-obnoxious substance. Another method is to aerate sewage in open pools so that oxygen will expedite decomposition.

TROUBLE IS NEVER far below the surface of our elaborate sewer systems.

One major menace—and one of the most difficult to cope with—is the cross-connection. This arises from connections between sewer and water systems, or between purified and unpurified water systems.

A hypical cross-connection is found in the ordinary flush toilet. Under normal conditions these connections are perfectly safe. But when a sewer backs up, reverse pressure will spring some types of valve and allow sewer water to back into the toilet reservoir, producing the possibility of contaminated water.

Probably the most spectacular cross-connection crisis occurred in Chicago nine years ago. It brought on the amebic dysentery outbreak of the World's Fair opening year when Texas Guinan and others died.

This outbreak was traced by sanitary engineers to two famous Chicago hotels. The hotels drew their water from the Chicago system, one hotel indirectly supplying the other.

Engineers discovered that in the basement of one hotel, city water was run into an open tank where it was cooled by a coil system. There they found a leaky valve which permitted a backflow from the sewer into the water system. The contaminated water, medical experts found, spread dysentery cases among the guests, and

particularly among the employees of the hotels.

An even more dangerous possibility has arisen from the findings of doctors who investigated the outbreak of infantile paralysis at Charleston, S. C. in 1939. Their inquiry established that the polio virus was present in the city's sewage. The relation between infantile paralysis, sewage and water is not fully established, but the Swedish scientist, Carl Ling, investigating a big polio outbreak in Stockholm, has also discovered the dangerous germs in sewage. He reported late in 1941 that the virus appears to multiply especially rapidly in sewage.

When millions of Americans leave the crowded big cities each summer weekend and pack the beaches, it is obvious that dangers from contaminated rivers, lakes and coastal ocean waters rise astronomically. How real this danger is has been shown by repeated annual analysis of waters in the vicinity of New York. Studies point year after year to a contamination higher than is ever permitted by sanitary regulations for swimming pools.

The waters of New York's North and East rivers and the breeze-swept harbor are prohibited swimming areas, but thousands of youngsters—and older persons, too—take a dip there on a hot July day. They plunge into waters teeming with some 450,000,000 gallons of sewage discharged daily—most of it only partially treated—by New York City, the world's most modern metropolis. Most of this floods into the East River, favorite swimming

hole of the "dead end" kids.

But humans are not the only ones who suffer from polluted water. Oyster and shrimp industries in lower Long Island Sound have been ruined. The same thing has happened in areas of Chesapeake Bay and a score of other places. Shellfish are prime transmitters of bacterial disease and the government is forced to quarantine beds in infected waters. Fishing has been ruined on river after river by sewage discharge and acids and chemicals poured out by industrial plants. Thousands of ducks on their annual migration flights die each year from feeding grounds poisoned or wiped out by contaminated water. Cattle contract anthrax by drinking water polluted by packing house discharges.

The brighter side is that in the past 10 years Uncle Sam has spent more money to clean up the waterways than in the 50 years before. Millions of PWA, WPA and CCC dollars have gone into this program. Cities and

states, finding not only the health of their own citizens but the valuable tourist industry menaced by ruined rivers and lakes, are taking a steadily increasing interest in the problem. They are taking advantage of important new federal legislation which allows states to join in comprehensive compacts for joint assault on such knotty problems as Ohio River pollution.

This new interest gives hope that pollution will be licked. Already, despite the raw spots, we admittedly have one of the world's best and biggest sewage and water treatment systems. But it will probably take a half dozen decades before we can hope to restore to America's rivers and streams the natural sparkle and freshness they boasted before "civilization" came to this land.

Suggestion for further reading:

by Dean F. Smiley and Adrian G.
Gould
The Macmillan Company, New York



The Prince and the Fool

DANTE was dining with a prince. While they are, a court fool amused the assembled company with his antics. Suddenly the prince turned to Dante and said:

"Why, look now, it is very strange, that this poor fool should be thus entertaining, should have so many clever things to say to make us laugh, while you, Dante, have nothing to say; you do not make us laugh. This is strange!"

"Not at all strange, your Highness," answered the poet, "not at all strange—the like to the like." —ERNA HALLOCK



I Live on the Atlantic

ANONYMOUS

This is the story of a British Merchant Navy Officer who—if his luck has still held—is somewhere on the seas today, fighting a new kind of ocean monster, helping to keep supply lanes open between America and England . . . or waiting on land for his next trip across. In keeping with the wishes of the Americalty, identifying names have been omitted.

You are what manner of men are we, who fight Hitler's U-boats. We're not supermen. We don't want to be blown to bits, or frozen stiff as a board in the icy waters off Greenland, or burnt into a crisp shark's dinner.

We get frightened half to death sometimes. One lad got so scared he let out a scream and dropped dead right in the midst of it. Sort of thing you don't see in the films.

Why do we carry on? It's our job.

Take this last convoy. It makes five times I've come across, and Jerry hasn't got me yet. Maybe next time, maybe not. I had an hour at home

with Marvyne and the twins, just time for Cheerio and Goodbye.

I took a train down to where my ship, a tanker, was being provisioned. There was a new lad on board. Radio operator named Sylvester.

I heard Steve, the mate, telling him: "You never should have picked a tanker, laddy. I've seen the water burn on all sides like a flaming lake when one of these tankers gets hit. Sounds funny, the blasted crew trying to swim through a fire, don't it, lad?"

We moved out that night, heading for our first rendezvous. Convoys are worked out in a series of rendezvous, with a few ships bunching together and then going to meet another bunch, until you've got anywhere from 30 to 100 ships. This time the big rendezvous was at a land-locked port two days distant, where 41 other ships were waiting.

Launches were running about, see-

ing that every boat had its equipment, and that the guns were shipshape. On board our boat we had one big barrage balloon that we could run up on a cable, fog floats to put out a smoke screen and a number of cable rockets. The rockets shoot a long steel cable into the air. It comes down dangling from a parachute, just like a knife in the sky ready to cut Jerry's plane in half.

We all had wire kites too (box kites with wire lines), the idea being to keep the dive bombers up high. Then there were four to eight machine-guns on each ship, a four-inch anti-sub-marine gun on the stern and a Bofors rapid fire anti-aircraft gun.

Sylvester felt more comfortable when we showed him these trinkets.

After final instructions, our 45 ships began to slide out of the harbor in what we call line-ahead order: one after the other at three-minute intervals. We were bound for the most vital rendezvous of all. Out there in the open sea, under cover of darkness, we'd meet our escort of fighting ships of the Royal Navy. We'd feel safer then.

It was a CLEAR afternoon; a friendly breeze came up the channel, flapping our aignal flags. Sylvester wandered to my quarters and said he felt much better now. Blimey, here were 45 ships with guns sprinkled over them like cherries on a tart. Nobody'd hurt us now.

He got a big laugh when the vessel ahead of us got its flag signals mixed. They were supposed to send up a

string saying, "Put your kites up." Instead they signalled, "Put your anchor overboard."

"Fine war, with a bloke like that running the signals," Sylvester laughed. He didn't seem frightened any more. "My God, what's the blighter done now?" he asked a moment later. He was laughing and pointing to a new signal.

Suddenly Sylvester's face froze.

It was the black and white signal of air alarm! The Commodore had just picked up a radio message from the big admiralty station at Rugby. German planes were heading our way. They'd be above us in a minute.

We all must have died for about half a second. You get used to dying like that and then suddenly being born again. We rushed to our stations.

They came like specks in the sky. A flock of Stukas, up so high you felt safe for a minute or two. About twelve ships managed to get their balloons up; the kites of the whole convoy were already flying; all guns were manned; rockets were ready; helmsmen began to turn off in all directions; the convoy was scattering.

I crouched atop the wheelhouse, clenching my machine-gun as if it were a root on the edge of a precipice. I saw Sylvester at another gun. His face was red as flame.

The Stukas flew over at a terrific height, then disappeared. The next we knew they were on all sides of us, diving down faster than you can think, roaring as if to split open the sky.

One Stuka came straight for me. Down, down, down—I thought it would crash on top of me. I was hose-piping furiously. That's shooting without sights. Most of the guns don't have sights anyway. Your bullets are lined up in rotation: tracer, incendiary, armor piercing, one, two, three, all through the belt. You just watch where the tracers are going and shoot accordingly.

I thought I hit him a dozen times. He kept diving. Just above our harrage of kites and balloons, he jerked up. It was like the spool of a yo-yo being jerked up at the end of a string. Then in a dizzy flash he was gone. They were all gone, and we hadn't brought anything down. Suddenly it was silent as a tomb.

I took my hands from the gun. As I walked away I saw a line of bullet holes across the top of the wheel-house. Deep holes, two to three inches apart, and not two yards from where I had been. Poor shorting, I thought. I'm sure I came closer than that to Jerry.

Two of our boats had to turn back



after the attack. Six men were killed on one of them. Sylvester took it pretty hard. He figured we should have brought down a couple of Germans. I had to explain that it's almost impossible to bag a Stuka unless you hit the pilot or the engine. I've seen the blighters get away with their wings riddled and part of their tail shot off.

The naval escort picked us up that night. Four destroyers and a light cruiser. We were in the customary convoy formation, nine ships abreast in a large square, with the warships buzzing around us, and the Commodore running the show from the center ship in the forward line. We were a ten-knot convoy; actually our speed was about nine.

Now rr was the open sea. A few days' run and we'd be in the danger zone—the hunting ground of Hitler's rattlesnakes. All ships' radios were silenced. Sylvester had his orders to send no messages other than the life or death message: SOS. Engineers had to keep smoke down to a minimum. A tell-tale smudge in the sky is a dead give-away for lurking U-boats. All of us had strict orders to throw nothing overboard which might float. Sharks aren't the only killers that can pick up a trail of refuse in the sea.

Several times each day we practiced "emergency turns." At a fog horn signal from the Commodore, every ship in the convoy makes a ninety-degree turn in an indicated direction. One signal, for example, can send the entire square of ships

veering at right angles to starboard: Another signal and the whole square is moving back in the direction it came from:

This makes Fritz, the U-boat skipper, a bit dizzy. Every time he takes a look, the bloomin' convoy is someplace else.

We knew there were subs around. Our destroyers went off a dozen times and dropped depth charges. We kept zig-zagging like blind mice. It seemed not an hour went by without emergency turns.

Most of the men on our ship couldn't swim. Sailors rarely can. Many believe that swimming prolongs the agony of drowning. I remember an old fireman whose ship got a bad one. There wasn't any time to lower the boats. When the mate came after him, the old fellow said, "No, I'm getting warm by the fire. I'll stay here."

Perhaps I got a bit stoical too. The night we heard the most depth bombs I went into my bunk and fell asleep in five minutes. Strange, because I always suffered from insomnia back in Shropshire. Steve, the mate, said, "The sea makes for good aleeping. It takes you away from your worries."

That night, close to midnight, all hands were summoned on deck. The Commodore's fog horn was screaming like a hungry baby. He was giving the scatter signal.

We headed due south. It was pitch black for several minutes as the ships started to scatter. Depth charges from the destroyers rumbled in the distance. They resounded in series of four. Then there was a single explosion, much louder, much stronger. Our ship trembled. We knew it was a torpedo. It must have hit a ship in the forward line. We kept fleeing due south, at full speed.

By morning we were alone at sea. We picked up the rest of the convoy at 3 o'clock that afternoon, at the appointed rendezvous given out by the Commodore the day before. Two ships did not show up, so we went on without them. Convoys can't wait for stragglers. The grim story of one of them was told weeks later when another convoy came into port with four survivors. The ship had been hit twice as it fied northward when we scattered. Only two lifeboats got away.

They drifted for six days. The men, half frozen, had to squeeze salt water out of the few biscuits they had. They caught rain in oil s'Ans. One man, a stoker, went into a frenzy on the third day. He cursed violently for five minutes and then jumped overboard.



A man in one boat began knifing at seagulls. Another seaman — super-stitious, perhaps remembering the albatross—clubbed him. Finally one boat drifted away from the other and capsized in a storm just a few hours before the rescue ship came along.

Southwest of Iceland our British Naval escort left us, and five American destroyers took over. One of them signaled, "Top of the morning, old chappies." Our Commodore (he talks American pretty well) signaled back, "Here's mud in your eye!" Now we were plodding along again, just as before, except that now the Stars and Stripes watched over us, instead of the Union Jack.

The American destroyers dropped depth charges several times during the night. Prowlers in the area, I guessed. I laughed a bit as I thought of the poor bloke on one of our boats last summer. A big Fock-Wulfe bomber had come over and scattered a mess of depth bombs over a convoy. One landed on the stern of his boat, The poor bloke didn't know that a depth bomb never goes off unless it gets under water, where the pressure detonates it. He was trying to be a hero. He saw it on the stern deck where it was harmless, dashed madly after it, and threw it overboard. It blew off half the rear end of the ship.

I noticed one of the American destroyers was keeping well out ahead of us while another kept far behind, and I said to myself that it didn't take the Yanks long to find out how the rattlesnakes play. Nine times out of ten, a U-boat attack begins with one sub spotting a convoy and trailing 10 to 15 miles behind it for a day or two.

The U-boat captain tries to calculate the general course being followed and the approximate spot where the convoy will be the next night. By double-frequency radio, a method alraost impossible to intercept or even detect, he calls to other prowlers in the vicinity and gives them the bearing for a midnight rendezvous.

At the zero hour they lie in wait in the darkness, on the surface where they can shoot straight and move fast. With tubes loaded, they hope the convoy will steam into their trap. If this happens, they all fire at once, perhaps sending ten or twelve torpedoes at the square of ships.

Hit or miss, they run like blazes. For immediately the star shells go up and the destroyers' lights flash on. Light makes a powerful weapon against U-boats. Once they are caught in it, destroyers either run them down or blast them to bits.

A few daredevil U-boats have tried the suicide attack. They scoot around ahead of a convoy—alone—and lie silently under water until the convoy is right on top of them. Then they can turn on their motors without being detected, what with the vibrations of all the other ships. They ride along until dark, then pop up in the midst of the convoy and let go on all tubes.

We felt a bit safer as we approached the end of the danger zone. The Commodore warned all ships to keep a lookout for sleeping torpedoes. Those are ones that have been fired and missed their mark. British and Amercan torpoedoes sink after they've run their course and missed. But German torpedoes remain afloat, almost indefinitely, and thus become mines.

I think we must have just been crossing the 35th meridian at about one in the morning, when the Commodore's alarm blasts began to sound. This time the star shells went up and the searchlights went on before a single explosion was heard. For half a mile the sea was almost phosphorescent, as if the curtain in a dark theater had just gone up.

Far out ahead of us we could make out the fearful outline of a big oceancruising sub. It was just starting to run for it. Perhaps two or three others had already slipped into the darkness.

All in a flash I realized what this meant. The subs had set a trap for us. They had somehow eluded our forward destroyers. They had fired their tubes. Gad, that meant that now—during these endless, eternal seconds—torpedoes, maybe a dozen of them, were bearing down upon us. Fired at a mile and a half away, they'd take more than two minutes to reach us. They travel about 40 miles an hour:

Each ship in the convey veered off in a different direction. The glare of lights, the bursting of star shells made the sea weird. Through it, the Commodore's horn kept screaming.

I kept walking back and forth, three steps at a time, in those awful seconds. One officer, a veteran of the Jervis Bay convoy, was in the wheelhouse with me. His face was white as chalk. He stood motionless, as if transfixed, but his lower lip trembled.

I almost wished we'd be hit and get it over with.

Then, all in a space of five seconds, there were three explosions. Our ship lurched. The poor devil behind us had been hit!

All hell broke loose a moment later. Depth charges and gun batteries sent up a thunder that all but snapped our eardrums. The convoy scattered.

We never heard how that battle made out. The Yanks keep those things pretty quiet. But at our rendez-vous next day all the U.S. destroyers turned up, and only one of our convoy was missing. It was our sister ship, the one behind us. One other was limping a little, with a bad rip in its side. I never did find out what the third torpedo hit.

Off Halifax the convoy dispersed, each ship heading away toward its particular destination.

We made New York on the twentythird day of our voyage. Just before we made port, Sylvester put through a message to an admiralty station in Canada. He announced that we were safe and sound. A kind of formality.

"Thank God it's over," sighed

"We'll be heading back in three days," said Steve.

——Suggestions for further reading:

MIME AND COUNTERMINE
by Professor A. M. Low
Sheridan House, New York

The Last Time I Saw Goebbels

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



I was a bull, gloomy August day.

The scene was a suite on the third floor of the Casino Hotel in Zoppot, the gaming center of the Danzig Free State. The year 1939.

At the door of the suite steelhelmeted SS troops stood at attention. The corridor paralleled the Baltic. My suite was not far down this hall. I had been there several days—my third visit within as many months.

A couple of days previously Tony Biddle had telephoned me from Warsaw. He had laid the cards on the table. It appears that contrary to diplomatic procedure, Nazi Border agents along the Danzig-Poland frontier had intercepted and held up American Couriers with the diplomatic pouch. He had asked me as an old friend—we were in St. Paul's School in New Hampshire together—if I would be willing to carry the Pouch from Danzig to Warsaw.

If a new face turned up at the Border, Nazi agents might think twice before holding up the Bearer—they might figure it was a Special State Department Messenger from Washington, and that they might find themselves embroiled should they do so. He emphasized upon me the urgency of securing these papers. I had agreed then and there to do whatever Tony requested.

So this evening I was to dine with the Kuykendalls at 19 Hindenburg Way, and afterwards they were to see me to the station on my way.

But in the morning a new situation arose. My room waiter, a very secretive chap who detested all Nazis, came in as usual at eight with the breakfast menu. Contrary to the usual procedure, however, he placed the forefinger of his right hand to his lips and motioned with his thumb both east and west. Then in a stage

whisper he said "Gestapo."

I nearly jumped out of bed. "What have I done?" I finally gasped.

"Nothing that I know of sir," said he. "But sixty of them took up their headquarters here this morning. Some big wig must be arriving."

I gulped my breakfast; put on a dressing-gown; and strolled out on my piazza which overlooked the calm and greyish Baltic Sea. On the terrace next to mine, an immaculately costumed officer stood looking through a pair of binoculars. He was practically motionless. His grey field uniform, his black puffy breeches, even the monocle in his right eye seemed to signify perfect measured control. His profile was strangely familiar.

A moment later I returned to my porch, a portable radio in hand. I twisted the dials and soon the Eiffel Tower's powerful transmitter came into focus.

The officer put down his glasses, leaned across the trellised rail and asked in German what I was receiving. I pretended not to understand him, and blurted out something about being an American.

"So-o-o-" he said very quietly.
"The Americans are that mo-dern?"
And then he added in an equally ingratiating tone, "How much do they charge you for a box like that in the United States?"

"About \$30, sir," I replied.

"Well, well, that is really something," he said in feigned surprise.
"And what is the wireless talking about now?"

I knew what it was "talking about,"

but I took a long shot: "It says," I lied, "that the British North Sea fleet is on its way to Danzig, and that Europe is on the verge of war."

The soldier threw back his head and guffawed: "I do not believe it." I do not believe it," he repeated, "The British are afraid to fight. They will never come to the assistance of the Poles. I do not believe it."

At that moment my telephone rang sharply, and I went inside my room to answer it. It was Kuykendall. He told me the Gestapo had just taken over my hotel and that Herr Doktor Goebbels would arrive by plane from Berlin in the afternoon. He thought I had better move to his house before dinner.

I spent the day prowling around Danzig Free State by taxi. I visited many communities, chatted with a number of persons. Everywhere I went I found the Poles jittery, the Germans confident. In a few days at most the Nazis would invade. Only a

Major Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is probably the only scion of Social Registerites to hold a union card (printer's). He certainly is the first social critic of our generation to have emerged from the ranks which he now lambasts, viz., his famous book Farewell to Fifth Avenus. As a journalist, he has managed to scoop most of the newsmen of our time: he interviewed Hitler in 1924, right after the dictator's first, unsuccessful bid for power; he talked with Mussolini shortly after the march on Rome; he even caught the ear of FDR at an earlier age than any reporter extent—Roossoelt was a guest at the christening of the infant Cornelius. "Neil" has circled the globe 12 times, twice in the deluxe trailer which he favers as a mode of travel. When he lights, which he assures us infrequently, it is usually at his mother's Fifth Avenue mansion.

few persons thought the British would come to their assistance.

Returning to the Casino Hotel in Zoppot about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was amazed to find the officer from the room next door, sitting in front of a table in my bedroom, listening to my radio! I strode up to him and said "I beg your pardon, sir," (or words to that effect!) He merely smiled and raised his monocle to his eye to get a better view of me. Then he asked very quietly: "Where is your license for this machine?"

"Why, sir," said I indignantly. "You don't have to have a license for a receiving set."

"In Germany you do."

"But this isn't Germany, sir. It's the Danzig Free State."

"So-o-o-o they told you that in America too?" he sneered.

"Everyone knows that," I was angry now.

In a second he was on his feet. Out of his pocket popped a pair of glittering handcuffs. I am a big man, but I dodged and ran for the door. Catapulted downstairs. The Concierge telephoned Mr. Kuykendall's residence. The American Consul said something like this: "Now don't get hot under the collar, old man. Put that officer on the phone and I will explain things to him."

The officer with the monocle was right behind me. In fact he took the receiver right out of my hand, and his first words sent a chill down my spine. They were "Herr Himmler speaking, Excellency."

Then before I had time to become

actually alarmed Himmler put down the phone, turned to me and bowed in mock defeat, "Why didn't you tell me you had a license for that machine?" he asked.

I didn't know it either. But Kuykendall had saved the day.

Up in my room I soon began dressing for dinner. I was tying the tie; my bags had gone down to the desk. Suddenly the bedroom door opened, and five officers in the snappy black uniform of the SS troops stood without. I gulped. Herr Himmler entered the room. He made a sweeping bow: "Herr Doktor Goebbels requests the pleasure of an audience with you, Mr. Vanderbilt!" he said.

It was a command performance and I knew it. I put my tails on, adjusted my white vest, took my dark blue overcoat over my arm, snapped open my top hat and followed the officers down and around an elbow bend in the hall. At the tip end two soldiers snapped to present arms. A double-door swung open. I passed through more passageways and into a huge living room.

THERE SERIND an overly large mahogany desk, sat an overly small man, in a greyish uniform. His semi-deformed head peered out of his tunic not unlike a turtle. He wore extraheavy pince-nez glasses and he was smoking a long Russian cigarette, in a still longer ivory holder. He looked me up and down, then motioned to a chair, and began a rapidfire group of questions:

"You are leaving us, Herr Vander-

bilt? You then do not care for our company?"

"My magazine is sending me to Warsaw, sir."

"To cover their fall?" he inquired.
"That was not stipulated, sir."

"You know, of course, Mr. Vanderbilt, that they cannot possibly last long. They are doomed. They have become very foolish people. We offered them the olive branch. They have refused to accept it. They still trust the British."

"You are planning to invade Poland then, sir?" I inquired as politely as I could.

"We are planning on closing the Polish Corridor," he answered.

"How long will it take you, sir, to restore order in Poland?" I asked apprehensively.

"Oh, about ten days," said Goebbels, puffing at his cigarette.

"And then what sir?"

"After that we will give England and France a good chance to crawl out. If they don't take it we will destroy them." This was said with assurance and positive finality.

I kept a stiff upper lip and asked "How long will that take you, sir?"

"If they force us to attack them, it will take us about sixty days to bring them to their feet," he said. "England first, then the imbecile-French."

"And then what, sir?"

"Come, come, Mr. Vanderbilt, you're a realist aren't you? You travel a lot. You know what comes next?" He sneered.

"I know what you think comes next," I said and added quickly,

"but my country lies more than 3,000 miles away across the North Atlantic, and I still think it's impossible to invade my country."

"I never said anything about invading your country, Mr. Vanderbilt, but when we get good and ready, we expect to take your impertinent country from within." He got up and clicked his heels. He made a short bow, My interview was at an end.

At dinner at the Kuykendalls that evening I sat between the wife of the British Consul General and Mme. Chowdski. The table was silent as I told of my fateful talk; and then the conversation began again. Most of the diplomats agreed I had been put on the spot to alarm the American press. War was still a long way off, it was agreed further; and this diplomatic shenanigan through which the world was again passing, was merely another phase of "Munich."

ON THE Warsaw Express that night I strolled from car to car, as the Wagon-Lits man made up my compartment. It wasn't until I reached the last car that I realized I was the only person on the entire train!

In my compartment I got the radio going. The Eiffel Tower was telling the world it might be on the verge of war. News came sputtering through the ether: "Danzig is the focal spot. All bridges have been mined. All highways leading in and out of the Free State will be blown up at the first attempted attack."

And here was I on the last train to leave the Free State—in size and

area about a quarter as big as Rhode Island.

At the frontier a rap came on the door. A Nazi Customs and a Nazi Immigration Official entered. I was in bed. They were polite enough, tipped their caps, and asked to see my papers.

"Diplomat," I said in broad U-S-A. And pointed to a large sealed envelope bearing the official tag of the US Embassy in Warsaw, and the stamp of the Consulate in Danzig. They examined my Passport, and the Immigration Officer said in very pidgin-American "Is't customary for Diplomat to travel around on Journalist Passport?"

"Quite," I replied, hardly stirring

from my bed.

A hurried conversation ensued in the hallway. Then the Polish Officials poked their heads in too. The same

monosyllabic conversation.

The train began to pant. Air-brakes shushed. All four officials poked their heads back in. My passport was returned stamped. The train gathered speed, sped on into the night.

It ejected me in the Warsaw train yards next dawning; and a car from Tony Biddle's Embassy was at hand.

As we breakfasted on the flagged Embassy terrace Tony shook his head: "Gosh that was a narrow squeak you had, old man," he said. "If you'd been on time, on that lousy old train, you'd have been a dead man. They blew up the depot with a time bomb this morning."

-Suggestions for further reading: CARSARS IN GOOSE STEP

by William D. Bayles \$3.00 Harper & Brothers, New York

MEN OF EUROPE by Andre Simone \$2.50 Modern Age Books, New York



Philosophy of the Famous

Carl Schurz: "Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny."

Daniel Webster: "God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."

Charles Dickens: "Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in, fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation."

George Payne Rainsford James: "Age is the most terrible misfortune that can happen to any man; other evils will mend, this is every day getting worse."

Portfolio of Personalities



Screen Creditors

THERE HAVE been many "epic" milestones in the young life of the movies, but probably none has had a more far-reaching effect than that night when hushed audiences saw—and heard—Al Jolson pouring forth his heart in the first big-time talkie.

That night, the motion picture industry shot up like a weed. That night, movies became more complicated than early new deal politics—and Hollywood's technical men and women finally came into their own.

Today, of course, you can see evidence of these experts' hand-iwork in the long lists of "screen credits" preceding each picture you attend. Perhaps such credits even bore you—but don't let them. Instead, read the names carefully—and wish secretly you collected their salaries. Make no mistake, these experts are big time.

They make last year's best seller into this year's super colossal wow. They serve up an eighteenth century mob scene, authentic right down to the smallest cobblestone. They even make it possible for you to watch the screen without squinting, to hear each pin drop without the slighest distortion of sound.

In short, while actors act and publicists publicise, they make motion pictures.

In the pages that follow you'll meet nine of their number, each representing a separate function of movie-making. Collectively, they could produce a film that would make even Hollywood dig deep for new superlatives. They really deserve their "credit."

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Personnel Man

Robert Webb is said to know intimately some 5,000 actors and actresses of all ages, sizes and descriptions. He makes his living that way, as Casting Director for Republic Studios.

Webb was born in Scottsdale, Pa., in 1901, but was raised and educated in Los Angeles. There, during high school summer vacations, he worked in the cinema division of a large furniture company, renting out equipment and props to studios. It led to his entry into pictures—first as property man, then as an assistant director.

In 1924, Webb was made an assistant casting director—and with the

exception of an unhappy interlude in 1928, when he and his brother Harry tried producing under the banner of Mascot Pictures, he's stuck.

The casting department in any studio today exists mainly as a liaison between producer and actor. Its function is to suggest suitable personalities for various roles in a script. It does not actually choose talent—except for extra and bit players. Webb makes a perfect casting director—being youthful, friendly and easy to meet.

Supreme casting of his life, of course, was that of actress Carol Wayne as Mrs. Robert Webb.



Frankenstein's Maker

Jack Pierce, head of Universal's makeup department, has been in pictures 28 years—as actor, stunt man, cameramán, assistant director and theater manager. He got into make-up when Director Raoul Walsh asked him to help make a "monkey" out of an actor for a picture called *The Monkey* Talks. Pierce spent two days at the zoo—then created his now famous chimpanzee make-up.

By far his most sensational jobs have been on Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi for Frankenstein, Dracula and The Mummy. For the last-named, it took Pierce seven hours daily to transform Karloff into a mummy.

Pierce works in a surgeon's white tunic, using cloth, hair, putty, grease, rubber cement and paint. As reference he has a library of source books, anatomy manuals, volumes on ancient witchcraft. Don't get the idea Pierce produces only monsters, though. Deanna Durbin and Marlene Dietrich have both worn his make-up.

A New Yorker till 1906, Pierce is married and owns a ranch in Encino. His hobby is basketball—he organized and managed the famous Universal team which won American and Olympic Championships in 1936.





Mountain Moulder

Ralph Oberg, as Construction Superintendent at Republic Studios, hasn't the slightest interest in the flesh-andblood ingredients of pictures. His business is lumber and concrete.

Long before a play is cast, Oberg submits a memo to the producer specifying what types of sets will be suitable—with costs. The goal, of course, is a lavish super-spectacle well within the limited budget. He's been working these minor miracles for 22 years.

Born in Fresno, California, 43 years ago, he learned the carpentry trade from his father, a contractor. In 1918, returning from overseas service, he married his boyhood sweetheart, and soon after joined Mack Sennett, remaining when Republic took over.

Oberg's construction jobs vary all the way from nailing down a loose studio floorboard to building an enormous White House ballroom, a nineteenth century opera house or an entire town. He's done all four.

Blue eyes, blond hair and Viking proportions (he's over six feet, weighs 210 pounds) are a giveaway to Oberg's Scandinavian ancestry. The family home is on a ten-acre ranch at Chatsworth, where he raises a string of race-horses and two nearly grown sons.



Andy Hardy's Godfather

Carey Wilson, who traces his ancestry back to John Hart, signer of the Declaration of Independence, is producer of the Judge Hardy and Dr. Kildare pictures.

Recently — and by accident — he also blossomed forth as a screen commentator—his being the voice behind MGM's Nostradamus and What Do You Think? series.

Wilson's first film job was rewinding reels for the local theater in Rutherford, New Jersey (he was born in Philadelphia). Later, he traveled the globe as foreign agent for Fox Films.

Home again, Wilson wrote and sold

his first film story (Passion Fruit) to Metro for \$3,000—became one of the best scenarists in the business.

His life has never been dull. In the late '20's, he became fast friends with Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

He tells a yarn about Gilbert's hiring a plane to entertain a dozen of filmdom's most famous names—and Garbo's apt whimsy as the plane took off: "If we crash, who gets top billing?"

Wilson is probably the country's best Andy Hardy fan; he swears the series is based on actual experience.

He's been married twice—has a 19-year-old son. They live in Bel-Air.



Screen Architect

Jack Otterson, Universal's 35-yearold Supervising Art Director, once assisted in the decorative designing of the Empire State Building. He was in the construction business then, and the appointment was a great honor.

But honors come easy to Otterson. He was born in Pittsburgh, prepped at Hotchkiss, went to the Yale Art School on a scholarship, won honorable mention in the stiff Prix de Rome competition and was sent to the Paris Beaux Arts School for graduate work.

Back in America in 1932, he started out as sketch artist at the Fox studios. In less than four years he was head of the department. In 1936, he moved to Universal in his present job.

He is responsible for designing sets for every Universal picture made. Two of his most notable creations were his eerie setting for the Son of Frankenstein and the spectacular 15th Century outdoor sets for the Tower of London.

But Hollywood sets are not created by mere wand-waving. Otterson must first have every intricate detail—right down to the door hinges—carefully checked for authenticity. For period pictures Otterson must sometimes fall back on the paintings of old masters of the period.

Next, water color sketches are made—and miniature doll-house models of each set. Finally, Otterson okays blue-prints for the Construction Superintendent to work from.

It keeps him busy.

First Career Woman

If Anne Bauchens were an actress, directors would probably cast her as a sweet-faced mother. But she is not an actress, and C. B. DeMille "cast" her as his film cutter 24 years ago.

A cutter's, or film editor's, job is to assemble the film the director has shot and put it together. By inept or adroit cutting, it is thus possible to make or break a picture—or to help a player by giving advice on close-ups, timing, etc. The cutter can be a second director.

Born in St. Louis, Anne Bauchens first worked as telephone operator for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. She came to Hollywood as secretary to Cecil DeMille's playwright brother, William. There she organized the film industry's first secretarial department, became the first script clerk. A few years later she became Paramount's first cutter (u, until then, directors had always edited their own pictures).

Obviously, Anne Bauchens was Hollywood's first career woman.

To Miss Bauchens, the little gold "Oscar" on her mantelpiece refutes two hard-boiled tenets of business: that men are more competent than women, and that employees should be "junked" after 40.



ASC Member

prima qualifications but no more. Assistants operate the "too."



Inconspicuous Composer

Charles Previn, as a studio Musical Director, must produce masterworks of music, carefully written so that no one will notice them.

His is a job carried over from the day of the silent "flick," when a sinus piano sobbed out hearteending background make. Only today it is lid essential job in moviernaking and not an easy one, for instance our Previous was asked to produce "music like Wagner, only Jouder" for a Deanua Durbin sequence.

Previnwas born in Brooklyn, studied music at Cornell, was a song plugger for Gus Edwards, musical director for Ziegleld and opera conductor in St. Louis, In 1936 he assumed Musical Directorship of Universal Studios.

The first real reception accorded to Previn's "unnoticed symptomies" was in the comedy, Mg Man Godfer, the had "homor"—helped put the parture over.

As his photogenic five not four and \$70 pounds of self indicate, frevio, too, has "bounce," He conducts with his bands only—emulating stokowski.

These facts have helped han to clinch several minor roles in films, the latest of which is *Hellzafotpen*. He plays, oddly enough -a maostro.



Trackman

Douglas Shearer is largely to ponsible for perfecting madern would hims

Born in Montreal, Canada, he studied enumeering, practiced in then became a studio cameramain. His sister, Norma, became an actress.

As rumbles of approaching sound pictures arose. Shearer began studying and, by the time MGM had his stalled sound, he was prepared to take over. Since then, his research has added much to the art of sound recording—woulding an academy award. He has even taken his technical genius into the movie houses. The Great ing field, was freard exclusively

through Shearer equipment.

Shearer is a quiet, studious person mathematically exact in speech. The pride of his life is his ranch—half way to San Diego—to which the commutes. Durin• a recent flood, his wife, and youngster were marooned there and Shearer, a licensed pilot, flew over daily, dropping supplies.

One of the best Hollywood mories concerning Shearer is how he pretended to make a recording of Bela Laiblov, the violinist — then played back a raucous parody of his violin. Lublov almost wept before the hoas was discovered.



The idea that we live two lives is as old as man.

These well-authenticated tales from the world of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"

• • Dr. J. B. Rhine, whose work in parapsychology at Duke University has gained international recognition, attributes much of his interest in this field to a dream which was related to him during his college years by a science professor.

The professor stated that his family had been awakened late one night by a neighbor who asked to borrow a horse and buggy. Apologizing for the request, the neighbor explained that his wife had dreamed that her brother, who lived in a nearby village, had come home, unharnessed his horses, climbed into the haymow, and shot himself. In her dream she saw him topple over and roll down a little incline into the corner. His pistol fell into the hay beside him.

The professor's family accompanied the neighbor on the strange errand. Arriving at the brother's home, they went directly to the barn. They found the horses unharnessed, and upon climbing into the haymow, discovered the man's body in the precise position that his sister had seen in her dream. The pistol was lying in the hay right beside him.

The professor, after puzzling over the case for years, concluded that in her dream the woman had observed in photographic detail the scene of her brother's suicide.



• • Into the dream life of Louis Juncko, locksmith's assistant of New York City, stalked a terrifying nightmare. He saw himself aiding master locksmith Charles M. Courtney in opening an old safe with a steel cutting torch. Suddenly the safe blew up.

The next day Juncko was assisting Courtney in opening an old safe in the basement of Columbia University's St. Anthony's Hall fraternity, when he remembered his dream. He begged Courtney to pick the lock rather than use a torch. Although the lock-picking job was far more difficult, Courtney finally agreed.

When the safe, locked since 1918, was finally opened, it was found to contain some valueless papers—and two sticks of dynamits. Only Juncko's dream had saved the two men from instant death.



 Reporter Tom E. Wetzel of Elyria, Ohio, hitch-hiked his way to Florida during the summer of 1940.
 One night, accompanied by a friend, he thumbed a ride in a car containing a man and two small children.

Tired out, Wetzel curled up in the back seat and slept for several hours. He dreamed of seeing a car leave the road, roll over, and burst into flames. Several ambulances converged on the scene, but were too late to save the entrapped occupants.

Immediately after this dream, Wetsel awakened. A few miles farther, the driver dropped the two hitchhikers. Wetsel told his companion of his dream, but neither considered it of importance.

Next morning a newspaper headline caught Wetzel's eye: CAR AND OCCUPANTS BURNED. The subhead read: Man and Two Children Die. The car that became a funeral pyre was the one in which Wetzel and his companion had been riding. It had careened off the road and overturned a little less than one mile from the point where the hitch-hikers had been discharged.



The night of April 17, 1913,
 Ruby Carroll of Parksville, Kentucky,
 dreamed of meeting a man named
 Herschel Hughes in a cafe at St.
 Augustine, Florida. The two conversed about their experiences as teachers and exchanged addresses before parting.

Upon awakening, Miss Carroll at once wrote her dream companion at the given address in St. Paul, Arkansas. Before she could receive an answer, a letter was delivered from Hughes, describing in detail the same dream which had come to Miss Carroll. The only difference was that he had witnessed the scene from his point of view. Awakening, he too had written to the address given him in the dream.

Neither of the persons had ever heard of the other. However, the mutual interest in the dream led to a meeting in the world of "reality," to romance, and eventually to marriage. The case is attested by both the dreamers.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illimos. Although they cannot be returned, all contributions will be given careful consideration.

Sallery of Photographs

Contributors to This form.

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A. WESTELIN, CHICAGO





Rehelon

A. F. SOZIO, FROM GENDREAU











WOODROW WILSON, WINSTON-SALEM

Let There Be Light



Mountain Poople

BRASSAI, BERNE, SWITZERLAND

WILL





ERNÖ VADAS, ANKARA III H.











The Jenkintown Appreciator

by ROBERT M. YODER

THE DUBNESS of Mr. Charles A. Kraatz of Jenkintown, Pa., is contests. He deals particularly with the contests run by large, affluent corporations to promote sales.

The most common procedure in these competitions is to toss out an unfinished sentence beginning, "I like So and So's product because—" and then let thousands of customers wear out their brains thinking of rhapsodic reasons why the product is indispensable. These contests are Mr. Kraatz' career. Vinning them, that is.

a tremendous vogue in the last ten years, but the unfinished-sentence type leads all the rest. Prizes run as high as a promise of \$100 a menth for life. When plums like that are dangled before the public, the sales managers, in their coldly calculating way, know thousands will respond. And since each entry must be accompanied by

a "qualifier"—a boxtop, a label, or a wrapper—the contests sell plenty of merchandise. Not, however, to Mr. Kraatz.

Mr. Kraatz doesn't buy. He simply wins. He makes something of a science of it, giving the same assiduous attention to contests that the sponsors do to sales. There are other aces in the ontest field, but the Jenkintown flash seems clearly to be Money Winner No. 1. Including a lot of nondescript contests he entered just for sport, and counting in a few dozen prizes he won before contests achieved their present importance as a phase of big business, Kraatz has won 1,387 times.

Like mostardentcontestants, Kraatz enjoys all kinds, and will enter all kinds, whether he can use the prizes or not. His money crop, however, is the "I like" contest, where the customer is asked to finish the sentence in the traditional "25 additional words

or less." If it is a soap contest, the task is to think of something the soap is good for, and tell in 25 words why you, the adoring consumer, love it next to life itself.

In size and mood, the finished sentence may go something like this: "I like (or use) Greaso because it launders everything from overalls to my daintiest underthings, yet leaves my hands as luscious as a bride's, while its faint yet maddening aroma has the boys pursuing me in packs." Or the topic may be yeast, or cigars, or kitchen ranges, soft drinks, laxatives, chewing gum, candy, toothpaste or hash. The 25-word testimonial is known as a "statement."

MR. KRAATZ has been winning contests since he was a stripling, but his heyday dawned with the rise of the "I like" contests. Having made a careful study of the possibilities, including a scholarly analysis of the factors involved in winning soap contests, there is almost no product Mr. Kraatz cannot like, if the prizes are worthwhile. He can cite excellent reasons why he uses products he may never have seen.

Entering contests intended for women, Mr. Kraatz has posed successfully both as a glamour girl, concerned about the soft glow of her complexion, and as a busy housewife with a brood of children cluttering up the floor and a big washing to do. In these guises, he has won several dozen dresses, large amounts of powder, bathsalts and perfume, a splendid collection of hats and two excellent fur coats. Every

male contest expert wins things like that, and is glad to get them. The stuff can always be sold, or if it can't, it makes nice gifts. Kraatz once wrote an eloquent statement telling why he wore a certain brand of womens' shoes, and did it so charmingly as to win a three-year supply—everything from evening slippers to some mules that were ducky in the extreme. Kraatz gave the loot to his sister. A handsome gift, too. The shoes were worth \$400.

If the subject is something he can't possibly know anything about, Kraatz asks around, quizzing his wife and his female relatives. Thus informed, he goes into creative session and turns out a statement telling why he always uses a certain shortening in baking his pies, why he never bathes the baby in anything but the contest soap, or why he finds a certain refrigerator lightens his housework no end.

His hundreds of victories suggest he can do it convincingly, no matter what the product. Kraatz has won contests involving everything from lipstick to cake flour. Like all the big winners, he would not hesitate to try his hand at telling why he uses a certain perfume, why he favors a certain girdle, or why the only brassiere for him is the very brassiere you are selling. Naturally, when the star contest winners pose as women, they use pen names.

While he was still a bachelor, Kraatz won enough household goods to furnish several homes. His loot in this line includes silverware, dishes, lamps, rugs, furniture, 20 radios, a massage

Robert M. (for McAyeal) Yoder is a Chicago newspaperman, formerly on the staff of the Associated Press for which he covered such fanciful items as the Factor kidnapping case and the trial of the late Sam Insull. In 1936 he moved to the Chicago Daily News where he writes an editorial page column of general comment. Born 34 years ago in Gibson City, Illinois, Yoder attended the state university, studied at law. In his Daily News column Yoder has a free hand and "writes up" rather than "writing down." He says he assumes his readers can read and are, in fact, "the best informed body of citizens ever carried in a five-passenger sedan." He likes to take a line of honest malice, aimed if possible at pompous persons or pompous ideas. A characteristic Yoder line: "Il Duce's cunning ruse will be to assemble his crack regiments and crack."

machine, a pedigreed fox terrier, a six months' supply of groceries and a small furnace. That one caused him trouble. It looked for a while as if Kraatz would have to keep it,

Before he had a car, he won a set of tires. Feeling that this called for an automobile, he won three Chevrolets and a Cadillac. Then he found the proper contest and won a six months' supply of gasoline. Kraatz won the Cadillac by telling eloquently why it was easily the noblest thing on wheels and the only car fit for a really discerning person to be seen in. Then he sold it, along with two of the Chevvies.

He won the Chevrolets all in a row, by telling why he enjoys nothing quite so much as the solid pleasure of a certain cigar. He was pleased but surprised since he prefers cigarettes.

Fans of Kraatz' caliber try to plan their winning, aiming at whatever is most valuable to them at the time. If they win a car, they look around for a

contest offering free garage service. If they win a house, they look around for a contest offering furniture. Luck frequently crosses them up, as in the old saw about the convict who won a world cruise.

Kraatz spent a vacation in California, at his own expense. The next year he won a trip to California, and the following year he won another. Kraatz was tired of California, but the contest looked inviting, so he entered anyway. The task was to write a slogan for Mae West, the great emotional actress. Kraatz copped with "The Girl Nobody No's." He gave the trip to his sister, who spent a week as Mae's guest and reported Miss West was swell. In the travel line, Kraatz has also won trips to Florida, New Orleans and Bermuda.

THE ROCKEFELLER of contesting is a tall young man of 32, with a slightly formal style of speech that suggests the schoolroom. It was his intention to become a college professor. The depression sidetracked him. Kraatz attended Wittenberg College and went on to New York University for post graduate work in his specialty. N.Y.U. conferred its master's degree on the earnest young student just as the bottom fell out of everything. Colleges were retrenching, endowments were going sour, money was scarce, and nowhere could young Mr. Kraatz, B.A., M.A., find an institution in need of a new instructor. It appeared his best bet would be a berth in some high school.

That would require another year

in college, for Kraatz needed a teaching certificate. He enrolled without hesitation, in spite of the parlous times, for by now he had an assured income. He had been winning contests with great regularity, he believed he had the secret, and he knew he could count on winning \$1,000 a year, either in cash or salable merchandise. That year, contests paid all his college expenses, including tuition. It was the only year until recently, however, that contests have been his sole support. He says he doesn't know of anyone who lives exclusively on contests and thinks stories to this effect are grossly exaggerated, although there have been times when Kraatz' winnings equalled a good salary.

Next he spent a year teaching foreign languages to the young of Lakewood, Ohio. Then he resigned his high school job to go into radio work, becoming a script writer and announcer on WNEW, an independent station in New York.

Contests were becoming a multimillion dollar affair, and as contests flourished, so did that great appreciator, that champion liker and user, Mr. Charles A. Kraatz. Devoting all his spare time to contests, he began to win them by dozens. By 1936 the fans regarded him as the DiMaggio of contesting, and he was named No. 1 man on a mythical "All American Contest Team" chosen by a California nerve-center called International Contest Headquarters. Kraatz has made this wonder-team eight times, ranking No. 1 again in 1939.

Perhaps his best year, as he recalls it, was 1938. Kraatz was hotter than a pistol that year and won a total—in cash and goods—of \$5,200. Cash prizes alone—and they are infinitely superior to merchandise, which must sometimes be sold at bargain prices—came to \$3,500.

Kraatz was working full time at the radio studio, taking a noon-to-midnight trick, and had only his mornings to devote to exploiting the contests. This held him back, of course, as did the fact that a baseball assignment took him south for spring training. While broadcasting the joys and sorrows of the Newark baseball team, he had to let contesting slip. The \$5,200, he feels, represents only a half year's work.

By that time, some of the bigger contests were drawing as many as a million entries. Impressed with all this interest, Kraatz quit his radio job and started a correspondence school for contest participants. Operating something like the schools that teach short-story writing, this contest Harvard has proved a profitable institution, and Kraatz makes a career of it. Students send in their statements for criticism and advice, getting them back with suggestions from the pen of the Dean himself. The pen, needless to say, is one of 14 Kraatz has won in contests.

Kraatz says winning can be taught, and says his students have won a total of \$560,000 in three years. Contesting is taken as seriously, in these cloistered halls, as though it were one of the professions. One textbook is entitled

A Study of the Factors Which Make Major Winners in Procter & Gamble (soap) Contests. Other pamphlets analyze the thought processes of various judging institutions, describe Winning with Bolanced Phrases, and pass on to Adjective Array and Human Interest. Obviously, the Kraatz school, which he runs in collaboration with Miss Joan Lambert, is not just for playboys. This is M.I.T., not Princeton.

Along with his teaching, Kraatz still engages in contests, of course, partly because his reputation as a teacher requires it and partly to keep abreast of the trends. If it were only a hobby with him, however, Kraatz would leave a good many of the contests to others. As a matter of personal preference, he gets no kick out of contests where it is simply a problem of flattering a sponsor's product. What Mr. Kraatz finds stimulating is contests where the stuff is judged partly on its merits as advertising. Contests, as this scholarly young man puts it, "that admit of more originality."

Among the pros, there are two general styles of contesting. The "output" boys try to win by sheer volume. In a contest running a month, a good output man or woman will send in as many as 200 entries, rain or shine, good or bad. Kraatz, on the other hand, represents the quality school, which holds that a few entries with real punch are better than a hundred lackluster mediocrities. Kraatz rarely composes more than 20 or 30 for any single contest. Instead, what he likes

most to play is the "judging slant."

Judging is a flourishing business in itself, but it is done largely by two or three big organizations, one of them headed by a Northwestern University professor. Since contests change, but judges don't, Kraatz tries to dope out what the judges will go for. To help him, he has a file of 20,000 winning statements.

One thing Kraatz tries to get into his entries is something he calls "sponsor values." This may be illustrated by a slogan Kraatz wrote for a soft drink, made by the Ne-Hi people. Instead of saying the stuff had "high quality," Kraatz wrote "Ne-Hi quality." He also tries for the balanced phrase. "Trustworthy, praiseworthy, noteworthy" is a sample of his technique there.

Naturally, after winning nearly 1,400 times, Kraatz doesn't use his own name. Like most contest fans, and like all "contestars," as the big winners are called, he makes widespread use of proxies. First having obtained permission, he enters under the names of trusted friends or relatives. This is not because he distrusts the judges. He simply thinks they might harbor an unconscious prejudice against giving any more prizes to Kraatz. When he wins under one of these assumed names, he gives the real owner of the name 10 per cent of the winnings. Contesting has a well recognized code of ethics, and this is the standard procedure.

Standard humor in contest circles is the gag about the fan who had to leave home because the downstairs

was full of soap wrappers and the upstairs was full of soap. Unlike some of these enthusiastic shoppers, Kraatz doesn't spend much money on it and never has. Early in the game, he reflected that it would be much cheaper to buy "qualifiers" than to buy merchandise—to buy labels and boxtops, that is, without the contents. He spread word among the neighborhood kids that he was in the market and got all he could use at very reasonable rates.

Now, of course, the sale of qualifiers is a well-organized business. Let any manufacturer launch a contest, in which it is necessary to send along a wrapper, a label, or (to avoid the lottery laws) a reasonable facsimile, and professional dealers are ready to

supply whatever is needed. A box of powdered soap, if you had to buy it, might cost 20 cents. Dealers sell the boxtop for three.

Indeed, it is no longer necessary even to enter the contest. Competing with such schools as the one run by Kraatz are a number of institutions which offer, for a flat rate, to enter the contests for you.

Kraatz began winning contests when he was 18, as a hobby. He is still mildly surprised at himself. The Jenkintown Appreciator, who can appreciate anything from baking powder to tractor grease, set out to become a college professor, and the course he hoped to teach usually is listed as "Appreciation of Art."



Away Down South in Dixie

ONE EVENING at the place called "21"—the modest little bistro in New York, where, Bennett Cerf avers, starving publishers are wont to pick up a few scraps of dinner—a southern gentleman of the Gone with the Wind school was berating Erskine Caldwell and his books about Dixie.

"Aren't any citizens of the South that even remotely resemble the filthy perverts and morons Caldwell describes!" he thundered. Turning to Nunnally Johnson, who somewhat inconsistently combines two vocations: humorist and motion-picture producer, he added, "You come from the South, Mr. Johnson. Did you ever see any characters like Caldwell's?"

Johnson reflected for a moment, and then responded, "Why, in my part of the South, suh, we regard the people Mr. Caldwell writes about as the country club set!"

—FROM Insults (GREYSTONE PRESS).

Gay air or scintillating novelty; softened swing or harmony sweet and low . . . to match your mood and the time of day, a unique firm offers music—without words



Melodies on Tap

by MARION SIMMS

WHEN AMERICAN sound-engineers, in the '20's, developed talking pictures, they also, oddly enough, took a step in exactly the opposite direction: musical programs without conversation.

These experiments produced the system of sending over privately leased telephone wires the all-music programs known as "Music by Muzak."

Introduced first in New York in 1936 with a single restaurant for customer, Muzak Corporation now has 1,000 accounts in the home city alone. Operating through franchises; the method has been extended to Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Miami, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, Philadelphia and eight New Jersey cities.

Throughout the week—17½ hours a day, with slight intervals of silence to heighten its attractiveness—music flows out through a gigantic switchboard in Muzak's broadcasting studios. Its destinations are varied—night clubs, a laundry, restaurants, a ten-

cent store, a hospital, hotels, a skating rink, factories, department stores. Coty's swank new Fifth Avenue salon has it. So does the Lackawanna Railroad terminal in Hoboken, New Jersey. And 180 employees of the National City Bank on 42nd Street in New York work to music—the first Manhattan bank to experiment so.

Some wealthy New Yorkers prefer a direct-line service of special programs in their homes—among them, John Hartford of the A & P grocery chain, financier Harrison Williams, and restaurateur Henry Lustig. Another direct-liner is the playwright Ben Hecht. Checking in at the Algonquin on a New York visit, Hecht's

Marion Simms, trained to be a fashion artist, became instead a Los Angeles newspaper reporter. Then, as Hollywood publicist, for five years she "praised the stars to the skies." Though she was born in New York she vows she is a country girl at heart and would trade her view of the Chrysler Building for the orange groves and hills of California, where she has spent most of her life.

first phone call is to place an order for "music without words."

A customer pays according to what he orders of this "background music." Frequently, a regular client asks for a special number or a certain mood of melody to be played at a specified time. Maybe it is a youngster's birthday party, to be highlighted with robust, exciting music. Or—as most often happens—a special "order" of music is intended as a romantic asset.

In such cases, a customer's designated cord can be pulled temporarily from the mass program grouping on the Muzak switchboard, and plugged in for an individual broadcast.

From the first, the Muzak purpose of supplying programs of fine music, free of commercial announcements, was a welcome idea. Apartment houses began to advertise Muzakmusic along with air-conditioning and cross-ventilation. Ninety New York apartment buildings have it; the \$25 monthly charge (for the entire building) is paid by the management.

For apartment houses, a small injector unit placed in the building and attached to the master radio aerial makes it possible for tenants to tune in the programs on their personal radio sets. Printed programs with time

schedules are mailed out each week:

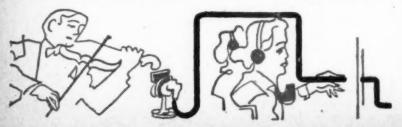
Encouraged by the reaction to these programs, Muzak's President Waddill Catchings obtained permission from the Federal Communications Commission to undertake a frequency-modulation program of all-music on a 24-hour a day schedule, beginning about July, 1942. Cost will be around eight cents a day—and programs will have no advertising "blurbs."

Through a special attachment fitting into a corner of a standard radio set, the touch of a push button or a switch will bring in the Muzak programs. A secret ingredient (an interfering impulse) will prevent any radio set not equipped with the special unit from picking up the signals.

So confident is at least one radio manufacturer of the invention's future possibilities, he is having all new designs of his sets include cabinet space for the adaptor.

"We don't intend to compete with star features of the air," said Waddill Catchings, Muzak head. "It is during the in-between periods that people like to get away from hit-or-miss programs."

Even more ambitious is the project now under way to organize the Muzak



Broadcasting Studio. Live talent—not recordings—will be used. Since it means assembling entirely different equipment from that used today by Muzak, the starting date is still far in the future.

Waddill Catchings' interest in the entertainment world has persisted through a varied and brilliant 35-year business career, leading, finally, to the presidency of Muzak. He coined the word, incidentally, in 1934.

Not musical himself, Mr. Catchings is his company's No. 1 guinea pig in compiling programs. He misses scarcely a recording of the 20 new discs made each week at the \$8,000,000 recording plant in mid-Manhattan. Here the country's finest conductors, musicians and performers come, as well as many talented unknowns.

It was Mr. Catchings who insisted on the intervals of silence between the groups of Muzak selections.

In his Muzak-equipped Chrysler Building offices, he is now perfecting a way "to soften swing music without raising howls from all the kids." If successful, it should win him a trophy of profound gratitude from long suffering adults whose eardrums have been dented too long by uninhibited brasses.

Samples of swing that is still "hot"

but slightly subdued are being tried out on younger members of the Catchings family, and on the Muzak staff. For Muzak is a young men's organization. With the exception of two, all executives and employees are under fifty, while a number of gifted young men hold key positions.

Watching the continuous flood of new music being published, Muzak finds that some numbers are so adaptable they can be played as many as three times a day in different versions. Nor are old hits ever entirely forgotten. As their popularity wanes (some discs have been played as many as 25,000 times without any signs of wear), they are filed away; sooner or later requests for them come in. There were so many Yuletide requests, for instance, for The Music Goes Round and Round since the giddy number first appeared Christmas week 1935, Muzak has come to include it in all Christmastime programs.

When it was decided to make a recording of the Treasury Department's song, Any Bonds Today, proceedings were held up through Mr. Morganthau's desire to give Muzak audiences the full flavor of the lyrics and Mr. Catchings' insistence that it would be most effective as an instru-



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mental number. (Ninety per cent of Muzak music is without vocals.) Mr. Morganthau relented, and now—when dining out—chooses a Washington restaurant equipped to play the Emil Coleman rendition of one of his favorite melodies.

One number of the Muzak repertoire never fails to bring the same curious response. The transcription plays seven minutes, and scarcely is the diamond-point raised from the Vinylite plastic disc than telephone calls begin to pour in. There is nostalgia in all the voices; tears in some. What was that piece?

The number is an old Austrian composition, Ein Ländler, by Pachernegg. So haunting and stirring is this little known music it touches the heart and the dreams of everyone hearing it.

"We wouldn't dare play it late in the evening," the Muzak people say. "It has such a mysterious pull on the emotions it might prove risky for someone depressed or lonely. To be on the safe side, we list it usually around noon when people are less apt to get in a tearful mood."

Since programs for restaurants, bars and stores are intended wholly as restful background music, the Muzak people are pleased when they don't hear flattering remarks from these sources. With programs in the home, on the other hand, there is a definite awareness of the music.

At one New York night club, a visitor in the powder room was puzzled but pleased. "I've been to night clubs from London to Bombay," she told the maid, "but this is the first

time I've ever discovered an orchestra playing in the ladies' room."

In a more vital aspect—with the growing understanding of music's influence on the nervous system and ductless glands—Muzak is proving useful in convalescent wards of the Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia. In a Chicago hospital recently, the hypnotic effects of soothing music were dramatically established when a young mother was delivered of a son in a Caesarean operation with only a local anesthetic, while music (including the popularized Tchaikowsky B-flat minor Concerto) reached her through earphones.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL aspect of music is very carefully considered by Muzak. The change in mood of music takes place gradually through day and evening hours—from melodies that stimulate to those which relax. Selections are made from a collection which has gradually swelled to 7,500 transcriptions, all made under the supervision of Recording Director Ben Salvin:

Sunday morning brings organ music. Weekdays are divided into four major portions: Gay and scintillating pieces by concert and popular orchestras for the luncheon hour. For cocktail time—novelties, trios, sextettes, Hawaiian guitar, marimbas, accordion; all light, frivolous music without brasses. Dinner music has something of the luncheon-time quality, but a trifle heavier—with Viennese waltzes, hits of the day, and semi-classical pieces. The after-theater period starts on "sweet" music, gradually changing

to "swing" and vocal choruses for the small hours of the morning.

Although it is possible through music to speed up production in factories, this definitely has not been the idea back of Muzak programs where used in American industry. In this national crisis, conditions are different, of course. Certainly these programs have been used to make the worker happier and less weary in his job.

Tests show that fewer errors are made, and work accomplished with less tiredness, if music is played when the worker's "fatigue curve" is low—at 11 o'clock in the morning and around 4 in the afternoon.

First in America to try the "Muzak While You Work" experiment was Cluett, Peabody & Co., shirt manufacturers of Troy, New York. The results were so encouraging the company ordered complete equipment installed in the factory—a service many plants prefer, as it is then possible to arrange programs from requests.

A dry cleaner of Arlington, Massachusetts found that the music actually increased his volume of business, as well as putting his workers in a good frame of mind. Two Eastern plants turning out defense materials have it, as does a Detroit jeweler and optometrist, and recreational rooms of large firms like Consolidated Edison.

Skaters at Rockefeller Center's outdoor rink have programs of music planned specially for them, varying according to ice and roller seasons. Even the life of the museum-goer becomes less arduous, as was found when Muzak was turned on softly at the Museum of Science and Industry in Rockefeller Center. Tenseness among sightseers appeared to lessen.

Adjoining the three broadcasting studios in Muzak's New York offices is a newsroom equipped with a United Press ticker. Announcers stand by, ready to interrupt a musical program in the event of some announcement of such magnitude that it could not await regular news channels.

So far, the newsroom has never been used.

The original intention to broadcast music-without-words has been, literally, kept.



Wrong Number

A N ANGRY subscriber, having trouble with the telephone, bellowed at the operator, "Am I crazy, or are you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," she replied in her sweetest institutional voice, "but we do not have that information."

-FROM Insults (GREYSTONE PRESS)



Esperanto's New Challenger

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

THE NEXT PARAGRAPH is an unscheduled peek into Tomorrow. It is written in a strange yet vaguely familiar language about which you may be hearing a whole lot more after the war. What's more, it is written here for the first time in any publication on earth. So look sharp. You may recognize it:

"Ante octante et septe annos, nostre patres creaba in iste continente un nove nation concepte in liberta et dedicate all proposition que homos son create equal."

That, of course, was the opening sentence of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. No, the language isn't Latin; nor Esperanto, Ido, Novial, Occidental, Latino, Mondolingue, Kosmos, Myrana, Spelin, Universala, Ro or any of the other 300-odd artificial international languages that the world has been receiving since 1879.

This new language is still in the works. Even the passage quoted above

might be subject to some minor revisions before the project is completed. Although it has no formal name as yet, some are inclined to call it IALA (pronounced ee-ah-lah), from the initials of the International Auxiliary Language Association which is nurturing the growth of this newest of languages. Incidentally, the passage I quoted is fairly typical. Anybody with a fair command of English will recognize at least 70 per cent of the words in the new tongue.

IALA harbors no wild-eyed visionaries or cranks. Its Board of Directors and Advisory Committee include Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines; James G. Harbord, chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America; W. Hallam Tuck, vice president of Allied Chemical; Stephen Duggan, director of the Institute of International Education; Frederick G. Cot-

trell, internationally noted chemist; Alfred N. Goldsmith, renowned television pioneer, and Brigadier-General Frederick Osborn, now in charge of Army Morale.

Most active of all, though, is Alice Vanderbilt Morris, great-granddaughter of the Commodore. She is the guiding spirit of IALA.

But, why, you want to know, do we need an international auxiliary language? What purposes will it serve?

To begin with, there is no language understood by all peoples. As a matter of fact, there are numerous instances where people speaking the same language have difficulty understanding one another. The classic example, of course, is the case of the two transatlantic telephone operators.

Again and again the London operator asked "Are you through, New York?" And each time the New York operator answered, "No, London. One moment, please!" Both were talking the same language, yet they were miles apart in meaning. The English lass was merely asking if the connection had been made, while the American gal had, of course, thought she meant, "Has your party finished talking yet?"

If we look upon this considerable variation in just one language as a nuisance, we can only regard the hundreds of different languages and dialects on earth as walls—walls which have barred us from greater international trade, better international understanding and the wider spread of scientific and medical knowledge.

In the thousands of international conferences held between World Wars I and II, every word usually had to be translated successively into three, four or five languages. The existence of two official languages in the League of Nations cost a little more than one-third of the total cost of all the meetings held by that body.

Closer to home, consider Hollywood's problem of "dubbing in" Spanish voices for Clark and Gary and Joan and Olivia, or resorting to the even less satisfactory method of superimposed "titles" on reels sent out into a Babel-ing world.

In the wind is talk of a Federal Union of the democracies—when all this is over. But no one yet has announced how these different nations with their many languages will be able to converse freely.

To scientists and medical men, it has been an old and disheartening story. Translations of foreign research reports are unavailable or inadequate. The huge, invaluable Engineering Index covered 1,400 engineering and allied periodicals in 16 languages up

Naturally, the first question we asked Murray Bloom upon completion of his assignment on Iala, was whether he had mastered the language. He hadn't, he said, adding: "Linguist Stillman is about the only person alive who does speak it—it's still in a formative state. But I don't think I, or anyone else, will have much trouble learning the language when it finally makes its appearance." Bloom who, in addition to his native English, speaks German, reads French, Italian, Dutch, Hebrew, Arabic, "plus James Joyce and Variety," recently had one of his articles circulated throughout both the Americas by the Nelson Rockefeller Committee. Since then, he's been flooded with letters and invitations in Spanish—a language that he's never bothered with.

until the outbreak of the war. Yet when this great job of condensation and indexing is completed, results are available only to those who read English!

At this point the very natural thought occurs: why don't we make English the international tongue? Look, you say, at the hundreds of millions who already speak English—or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Why shouldn't it be a simple matter to get the rest of the world to talk our language?

As a matter of fact, there is a group of ardent enthusiasts whose mission is to boom "Basic English" as the world's auxiliary language. With its greatly simplified grammar and streamlined vocabulary-850 words -it definitely has points in its favor. But many oppose it on the ground that, Basic or not, it's still English. They maintain, with considerable justice, that the auxiliary language should be neutral in make-up; if any one leading language lords it over the rest, you won't have any world-wide agreement. Hence, an international language must be constructed.

But constructing a language is a tedious, maddening task. The rewards are few—chiefly profits from dictionary sales. You and your language may go down in the history books of a generation hence—in a footnote, probably. During your lifetime however, you've got to expect to be assailed, cursed, laughed at and generally misunderstood—that is, if your new language gains any adherents at all.

The story of IALA begins properly

in 1919, when the International Research Council called for an investigation of an international language for science. Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, chairman of the committee, interested a group of Americans, among whom was Alice Vanderbilt Morris. Mrs. Morris was instrumental in getting IALA set up on a permanent basis in 1924.

From the beginning, IALA had two goals. First, to select, adapt or assemble a "constructed language of demonstrated usefulness"; second, to establish its world-wide use as an auxiliary tongue.

The chief auxiliary tongue already in existence was Esperanto, originally introduced by Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, an oculist and linguistic genius. Zamenhof believed that international hostilities could be ameliorated through a common neutral language—a language free from any racial, national or religious bias. He died in 1917.

Current estimates of the number of Esperanto-speaking men, women and children the world over, range from 100,000 to 5,000,000. Esperanto was the unfamiliar tongue used by army officers towards the end of the film, *Idiot's Delight*; the language was also used for signs in Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*. The other artificial languages never really got under way.

IALA CALLED a conference in 1930 of the advocates of the many constructed languages, independent linguists and philologists, and a program was worked out containing the

specifications which an international language should follow. The spelling must be simple and clear; the structure of the language should be logical and regular; there would be one word to a meaning, and one meaning to a word; and the vocabulary should be based primarily on West European languages. There was reason to believe that if the West could adopt one auxiliary language, the East would gladly accept it.

And so work got under way on the new language. Bombed out of England in 1940, IALA moved to its present skyscraper headquarters in mid-town New York. Here, high atop a New York which speaks dozens of different languages and tens of different dialects including Brooklynese, Pig-Latin and Double-talk, are IALA's hand-picked research workers. They are directed by E. Clark Sullman, studious, pink-cheeked and youngish-looking. He has taught at the University of Michigan and in leading European universities.

The MAJOR task ahead of Stillman and his well-trained staff is to find the common roots of words in the divers West European languages. Thousands of words are almost identical in each of these languages. For example, general, possession and humanity are almost exactly alike in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French and Latin. The new language will also incorporate the hundreds of "international" words such as bazaar (Persian), coffee (Arabic) and tea (Chinese). Their IALA forms are bazar, caffe and

te. Such strictly English words as tennis, rum, club, football and boycott will also be incorporated. Other international forms will be taken over from the Italian (musical terms); navigation terms from the Dutch; literary and cooking words from the French, and an odd assortment of strictly American derivatives such as canoe, tobacco, maize, movies and jazz.

Little everyday words are the really tough nuts of the new language. Over centuries of usage they have acquired very special meanings and nuances all their own in each of the languages. A simple word like child is a nightmare to the new language-makers. Let's take a look at the IALA development of a simpler word, like bird. In French it's oiseau; uccello in Italian; pajaro in Spanish; and the Portuguese say passaro. In the Latin it's avis, and also avicula, which means little bird. Further research disclosed that the languages weren't so far apart from a common root as might seem on the surface. For Spanish and Portuguese used a poetic form for bird: ave. And in English we have, of course, aviary. It wasn't hard to see that the predominant root was obviously are and so the word for bird in IALA is ave (pronounced ah-vay). Now from ave, IALA goes on, logically enough, to aviare (ah-vee-ah-ray) which, literally translated, means "to bird"; more practically, it means "to fly." Then you get, very logically too, aviator (ahvee-ah-tor), "he who flies." Simple, no?

Keep in mind, of course, that any auxiliary tongue is only intended to supplement, not displace, your mother tongue. The new language will be sparse, streamlined and precise—like numbers: un, du, tri, quar, quin. Strictly business.

What business will find this international medium useful? To begin with, you have the matter of international business correspondence. Once established, IALA will save costs of translations, and delayed orders due to faulty translations. International conventions will blossom out prodigiously after World War II. Instead of three or four "official" languages and the necessary translation staffs in attendance, the use of IALA alone will be sufficient. The business of science will benefit immeasurably. Medical and engineering libraries will no longer have to subscribe to periodicals printed in 10 or 12 different languages.

Tourists and travelers will find one official international language helpful no end. No more ludicrous struggling with Spanish-at-a-glance volumes. International telephone conversations would benefit. And should that old, old dream of a world state come true, a truly international tongue will be needed; and the IALA experts are convinced that with its scientific structure and simple gram-

mar their language will fill that need satisfactorily.

When IALA comes forth with its completed grammar and basic vocabulary, late in 1942, it will enter the linguistic jousts with two other leading entries, both claiming priority and general superiority: Esperanto and Basic English. Both are now making active drives for new adherents in South America and in the U. S.

The going won't be easy for IALA, but there are great and powerful forces backing it. In a millennium-seeking post-war world, Esperanto and Basic English are going to have the fight of their young lives. The first is likely to be considered too much on the cultist side, and rather difficult. The latter's chief handicap will be that it is English, and thus a very partisan entry in what should be a neutral race.

To many experts, IALA looks like an odds-on favorite, a simple, compact, clear auxiliary language for all the world.

—Suggestions for further reading: INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION

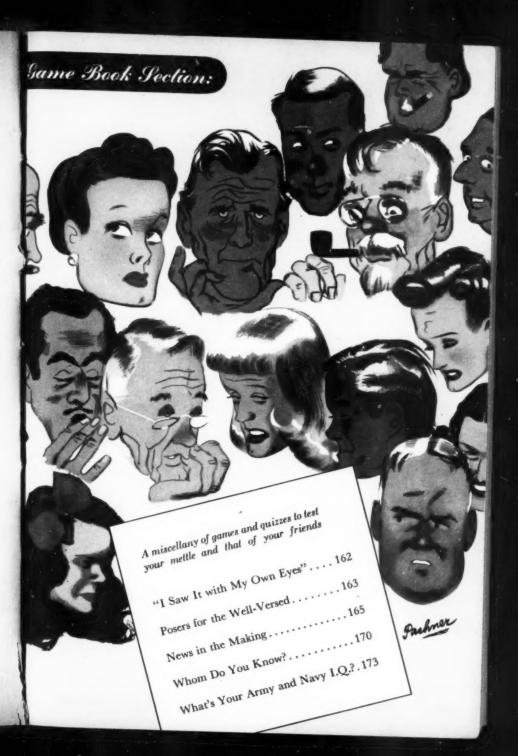
by Herbert N. Shenton, Edward Sapir and Otto Jespersen About \$.70 George Routledge, London

cosmopolitan conversation
by H. N. Shenton \$7.50
Columbia University Press, New York



There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH







"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

A NY MOTORIST will instantly recogincident the above scene as a road junction "somewhere in the U.S.A." And here is one example of how keen observation can save time and trouble—while lack of eye-memory co-ordination might prove disastrous.

In taking this test, you are asked to

study the picture for 60 seconds, noting as much specific detail as possible. Then turn to page 169 and see how many of the questions you can answer from memory. Check yourself by comparing your answers to this picture. A score of seven right would be good—nine unusual. Ready? Go!



The rhyme is at once the clue and the test in this double-barreled quiz that requires an ear for sound as well as an eye for sense

Posers for the Well-Versed

HERE ARE a hundred questions insidiously disguised as a mere 50. But, unfortunately, you have to score two points for each question—or nothing. It's all part of the game, you see.

The first half of each question suggests the name of an individual, geographical location or object. The second half provides the definition of a word or phrase. Your task is to answer both halves of each question—and your clue is that the two answers to each question rhyme.

Thus, you should emerge from this quiz with 50 pairs of rhymed answers. Don't try to rhyme the name at the beginning of each question with the phrase at the end, but with the word that this phrase defines.

Example: What famous 19th century composer rhymes with sacred poems? "Psalms" are sacred poems, rhyming with "Brahms"; therefore,

the answer to this question would be "Brahms—psalms."

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60, while 70 or over is good and 80 or better is excellent. Answers to the quiz will be found on page 172.

- 1. What U.S. president rhymes with a current of air?
- 2. What ex-champion pugilist rhymes with humorous?
- 3. What poet rhymes with noises made by a sheep?
- 4. What English river rhymes with precious stones?
- 5. What American author rhymes with ferocious?
- 6. What Roman ruler rhymes with one who makes cowardly compromises?
- 7. What mountain range rhymes with confections?
- 8. What military genius rhymes with

- a savage who eats human flesh?
- What castaway rhymes with a bridal outfit?
- 10. What Indian tribe rhymes with the noise made by a cow?
- 11. What American artist rhymes with pertaining to Lent?
- 12. What Biblical character rhymes with a kind of plum?
- 13. What German poet rhymes with the handle of a boat's rudder?
- 14. What country rhymes with first person singular of "to be?"
- 15. What coin rhymes with the correspondence in sound of two words?
- 16. What city on the Riviera rhymes with devotee?
- 17. What American traitor rhymes with mongrel?
- 18. What tree rhymes with a fish?
- 19. What mineral rhymes with athletic games?
- 20. What Russian river rhymes with a harvester?
- 21. What Biblical patriarch rhymes with a long feather scarf?
- 22. What Latin poet rhymes with a chair?
- 23. What animal rhymes with a melon?
- 24. What foreign coin rhymes with a term in dentistry?
- 25. What Greek sun god rhymes with a bird?
- 26. What lake rhymes with lachry-mose?
- 27. What legendary lumberjack rhymes with a vegetable?
- 28. What tennis player rhymes with a home-made confection?
- 29. What fictional skater rhymes with

- a mender of pans?
- 30. What tower rhymes with riff-raff?
- 31. What geographical cape rhymes with ripped?
- 32. What sign of the zodiac rhymes with permeable?
- 33. What German philosopher rhymes with peachlike?
- 34. What American patriot rhymes with storm?
- 35. What planet rhymes with astral bodies?
- 36. What Western city rhymes with horny?
- 37. What Ibsen play rhymes with vaunts?
- 38. What 17th century English poet rhymes with hoisting apparatus?
- 39. What Civil War battle rhymes with a farm structure?
- 40. What breed of dog rhymes with spiritual redemption?
- 41. What English author rhymes with lad?
- 42. What contemporary actress rhymes with a labyrinth?
- 43. What Egyptian god rhymes with a color?
- 44. What evangelist rhymes with a week-day?
- 45. What presidential candidate rhymes with resembling a luxurious fabric?
- 46. What pilgrim rhymes with bizarre appearance?
- 47. What prime minister rhymes with an article of baseball equipment?
- 48. What murderer rhymes with a form of precipitation?
- 49. What animal rhymes with a Negress servant?
- 50. What university rhymes with wan?



In Europe, dictators marched, war thundered; in America, people worked and played and voted. It's all history now, covered in this quiz from '37 on

News in the Making

PRESIDENT Roosevelt sent a "white paper" to Congress last December. It was the chronology of events leading up to the war with Japan. This quiz is a "white paper of the last five years, pointing up the big events in the world arena." What with the dictators swallowing country after country by economic-politico-military mouthfuls, with the aftermath of the greatest depression of modern times, with one historic day treading on the toes of the next, most people have become more than a little dizzy trying to get things straight. The purpose of this quiz is to see if you know the pertinent facts of the past five punch-drunk years.

There are fifty questions. Count 2 points for each correct answer. A fair score is 56 points; 64 is good; and 72 or more is excellent. Answers will be found on page 177.

- 1. 1940—The U. S. population was about
 - (a) 151 million
 - -(b) 131 million -
 - (c) 111 million
- 2. 1937—Wendell Willkie
 - (a) was chosen to head the Republican presidential ticket
 - (b) visited war-torn London
 - (c) tried to arrange a peace between the Administration and the Big Utilities
- 3. 1939—Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees
 - (a) died after a long illness
 - (b) broke Babe Ruth's home run record
 - (c) played in more continuous games than any other man in baseball
- 1938—The Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year went to
 - (a) Hellzapoppin

- (b) You Can't Take It With You
- (c) Blithe Spirit
- 1937—Thomas Pendergast ruled the political machine of
 - (a) Los Angeles
 - (b) Kansas City
 - (c) St. Louis
- 6. 1940—The Nazi invasion of the Low Countries occurred
 - (a) March 15
 - (b) May 10
 - (c) August 23
- 7. 1939—Judged by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the Best Actress of the year was
 - (a) Luise Rainer
 - -(b) Bette Davis
 - (c) Joan Crawford
- 8. 1941—The symphony closely connected with the V for Victory campaign was the
 - (a) D Minor by Franck
 - (b) 5th Symphony by Beethoven
 - (c) 5th Symphony by Tschaikowsky
- 9. 1938—The three nations which were bound in the Anti-Communist pact were
 - (a) Japan, Germany, Italy
 - (b) Germany, Spain, Italy
 - (c) Britain, France, U. S.
- 10. 1939—One of the outstanding trade developments was
 - (a) the introduction of solid rubber tires in automobiles
 - (b) the introduction of F. M. in radio
 - (c) the introduction of Nylon
- 11: 1937—The average pay per wageearner was

- (a) \$690 per year
- (b) \$890 per year
- (c) \$1,590 per year
- 12. 1940—The new Governor-General of Canada was
 - (a) Lord Halifax
 - (b) Anthony Eden
 - (c) The Earl of Athlone
- 13. 1938—The representatives at the Munich Conference were
 - (a) Chamberlain, Benes, Mussolini, Hitler
 - (b) Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier, Chamberlain
 - (c) Goebbels, Churchill, Mussolini, Daladier
- 1941—Movie-goers (according to the Gallup Poll)
 - (a) acclaimed double-features
 - (b) denounced double-features
 - (c) demanded more Nazi pictures
- 15. 1939—A World's Fair opened in
 - (a) Chicago and New York
 - (b) New York and Paris
 - (c) San Francisco and New York
- 1940—Winston Churchill became Prime Minister after
 - (a) the Norwegian fiasco
 - (b) France fell, in June
 - (c) Poland went down in smoke
- 17. 1937—One of aviation's outstanding tragedies was
 - (a) the failure of the Nungesser-Coli flight across the Atlantic
 - (b) the Wiley Post-Will Rogers crackup in Alaska
 - (c) the Amelia Earhart Fred Noonan disappearance in Mid-Pacific
- 18. 1941—Charles A. Lindbergh
 - (a) pointed out that Germany's

- air force was superior to that of France, Britain, and the U. S. combined
- (b) resigned from the Army Air Corps Reserve
- (c) married Anne Morrow
- 19. 1939—The trend in U. S. movies was for
 - (a) gangster films
 - (b) biographical films
 - (c) documentary films
- 1940—Roosevelt was re-elected President by winning in
 - (a) 43 states
 - (b) 28 states
 - (c) 38 states
- 21. 1938—The major complication in the California election was
 - (a) migrant workers
 - (b) the money of the movie industry
 - (c) old age pensions
- 22. 1937-Getulio Vargas was
 - (a) Brazil's president
 - (b) the winner of the Indianapolis Speedway classic
 - (c) Franco's rival for leadership in Spain
- 1941—The government's new income tax bill lowered personal exemptions to
 - (a) \$1,500
 - (b) \$750
 - (c) \$500
- 24. 1939—The U. S. Army was equal in size to
 - (a) Germany's
 - (b) Italy's
 - (c) Britain's
- 1940—The Republican Convention was held in
 - (a) St. Louis

- (b) Chicago
- (c) Philadelphia
- 26. 1937—The nation with the heaviest investment in China was
 - (a) U.S.
 - (b) Japan
 - (c) Great Britain
- 1938—The president of Czechoslovakia was
 - (a) Emil Ley
 - (b) Seyss-Inquart
 - (c) Edouard Benes
- 7940—Henry Ford announced he could build
 - (a) 2,000 planes a week
 - (b) 1,000 planes a day after six months' preparation
 - (c) 50,000 planes a year
- 1941—The outstanding event in Japanese-Russian dealings was
 - (a) Soviet recognition of Manchukuo
 - (b) the Japanese invasion of Northern Siberia
 - (c) a mutual pledge of neutrality in case of attack on one of them by a third power
- 7938—The Surgeon General of the U. S. was
 - (a) Dr. Thomas Parran
 - (b) Dr. Charles Mayo
 - (c) Dr. Royal S. Copeland
- 7940—Labor's latest estimate of unemployment was
 - (a) 3 million
 - (b) 6 million
 - (c) 8 million
- 1937—The new and sensational drug discovery hailed in medical circles everywhere

was called

- (a) sulphanilimide
- (b) ethylene
- (c) protomine insulin
- 33. 1941—Joe DiMaggio made baseball history when he
 - (a) hit five home runs in one game
 - (b) hit in more consecutive games than any other player in baseball history
 - (c) broke Babe Ruth's long string home run record
- 34. 1939—The two largest navies in order were
 - (a) Britain, U. S.
 - (b) Britain, Japan
 - (c) Germany, Britain
- 35. 1937—The nation's newest racket smasher was
 - (a) J. Edgar Hoover
 - (b) Frank Murphy
 - (c) Thomas E. Dewey
- 36. 1941—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was revived for the nation's movie-goers with
 - (a) Fredric March in the lead
 - (b) Lon Chaney in the lead
 - (c) Spencer Tracy in the lead
- 37. 1938—Spending more money per capita than any other nation was
 - (a) France
 - (b) Germany
 - (c) Great Britain
- 38. 1940—The new baby-voiced singing sensation was
 - (a) Dolly Kay
 - (b) Ethel Waters
 - (c) Bonnie Baker
- 39. 1937—Russia made headlines all over the world with

- (a) an attack on Japan
- (b) war on Finland
- (c) widespread internal political purges
- 40. 1941—One of the "greatest battles of all time" took place at one of these places
 - (a) Rostov
 - (b) Jena
 - (c) Tobruk
- 41. 1940—The authorized strength of the U. S. Army was
 - (a) 740,000
 - (b) 280,000
 - (c) 510,000
- 42. 1937-Frank Hague was mayor of
 - (a) Boston, Mass.
 - (b) Jersey City, N. J.
 - (c) Kansas City, Mo.
- 43. 1938—The top picture for juvenile movie-fans was
 - (a) Ferdinand
 - (b) Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
 - (c) Fantasia
- 1941—General Rommel was in charge of the Libyan operations of
 - (a) England
 - (b) Italy
 - (c) Germany
- 45. 1937—In Belgium the Fascists were known as
 - (a) the Iron Guard
 - (b) the Cross of Fire
 - (c) Rexists
- 46. 1938—Orson Welles achieved national fame with his
 - (a) movie Citizen Kane
 - (b) "Broadcast from Mars"
 - (c) public denouncement of Hollywood

- 47. 1937-R. C. A. brought out of 49. 1939-"Total war" as perfected retirement the following famous conductor
 - (a) Walter Damrosch
 - (b) Arturo Toscanini
 - (c) Leopold Stokowski
- 48. 1937—The unemployed in the U. S. was estimated at
 - (a) 25 million
 - (b) 17 million
 - (c) 11 million

- by the Germans, was the brain child of
 - (a) Douhet
 - (b) General de Gaulle
 - (c) General "Billy" Mitchell
- 50. 1940-The Bismarck sank the British battlesh p
 - (a) Sydney
 - (b) Prince of Wales
 - (c) Hood



Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 162.)

- 1. There is a Chattanooga sign
 - (a) pointing right
 - (b) pointing left
 - (e) pointing right and left
- 2. Knoxville is
 - (a) 4 miles distant
 - (b) 75 miles distant
 - (c) 31 miles distant
- 3. The closest town is
 - (a) Homestead
 - (b) Meadville
- (c) Rockwood
- 4. The farthest town is
 - (a) Wilson
 - (b) Chattanooga
 - (c) Canton
- 5. The base for the road signs is made of
 - (a) wood planking
 - (b) concrete
 - (c) rock and mortar

- 6. The base is
 - (a) circular
 - (b) square
 - (c) triangular
- 7. The base has a
 - (a) vertical striping design
 - (b) horizontal striping design
 - (c) all one color
- 8. In the background are
 - (a) one automobile
 - (b) two automobiles
 - (c) three automobiles
- 9. One of the following names is not listed on the directors:
 - (a) Kingston
 - (b) Pikeville
 - (c) Daleville
- 10. In the background is
 - (a) a schoolhouse
 - (b) a country church
 - (c) a house



People you should know—because they're always in the news. Just in case you do not know, we'll furnish you with clues

Whom Do You Know?

NAMES MAKE NEWS, goes an old newspaper maxim—and the names in this quiz would put a smile on the toughest city editor's face. See how many personalities you can connect with the events that made them famous.

Methods of answering and scoring this quiz are a little unusual—but if you follow the directions, you'll find they're very simple, and full of fun.

There are 25 questions; for each question, you are given four clues. The object is to write down the correct answer as early in the game as possible.

Rule a sheet of paper in four columns, labeling them, respectively, "Clue A," "Clue B," "Clue C" and "Clue D;" then write the numbers 1 to 25 down the left hand side. Now you are ready to take the test.

Look at the following column with identifying phrases under "Clue A."

What person comes to mind, for instance, at the phrase "Wonder Boy"? If you don't know the answer, never mind—leave it and go on to the phrase below it. Try to write all the names you can before glancing at the next column. You'll probably have some blank spaces, but don't worry, you have three more chances for each.

When you look through the columngiving Clue B, you are given a second hint as to the identity of the person in question. Follow through this set as you did with the first, and then go on to the third column; "Clue C." Finally, as a last chance, there is the fourth set of phrases under "Clue D." You can change your answers as you go along, but the last name you write is the one that counts. And the last clue you use is the one that determines the score. It's perfectly all right to refer to any of the preceding columns—but to play fair, peeking ahead is out.

Count four points for each correct answer on your sheet under the column you have headed "Clue A;" three points for each correct answer under "Clue B;" two points for each under "Clue C;" and one point for each under "Clue D." If your answer is wrong, give yourself zero. A score of 70 points or more is excellent; 60 points is good, and if you make 50, you're doing fairly well.

If you're at a party, where the phrases are called off to the crowd, of course you can follow one personality through all four clues before taking up the next question. In that case, you'd chalk up your score as you went. Answers are on page 176.

Clue A

- 1. Wonder Boy
- 2. Texan Nightingale
- 3. Fiddling Scientist
- 4. Black Jack
- 5. East Side Governor
- 6. Chief Bum
- 7. Coast-to-Coast Commuter
- 8. Toothache in Florida
- The Outstanding Living Norwegian
- 10. Scrooge
- 11. Music Pictorializer
- 12. Flash Maker
- 13. Jazz Pioneer
- 14. Ex-Leatherneck Heavyweight
- 15. Bride of Adventure
- 16. Fire Engine Chaser
- 17. Pioneer Braintruster
- Heartless Comedian
 Munich Escapist
- 20. Remember the Maine!

- 21. Evening Colonel
- 22. First Congresswoman
- 23. Boer War Correspondent
- 24. Maestro in Exile
- 25. Moocher Man

Clue B

- 1. Rosebud
- 2. Shy voice
- 3. Princeton Professor
- 4. Arizona Convalescent
- 5. Boss of world's tallest building
- 6. Lippy
- 7. Mistress of Hyde Park
- 8. First Lady of the Bahamas
- 9. Three-time Olympic Winner
- 10. Dr. Gillespie
- 11. Cartoonist in Celluloid
- 12. Calling Mr. and Mrs. America
- 13. A Battered Top Hat
- 14. Shakespearian Student
- 15. Safari Heroine
- 16. Little Flower
- 17. One Man Cabinet18. Pinocchio's Counterpart
- 19. So You Won't Talk, eh?
- 20. Newspaper Titan
- 21. Republican Cabinet Member
- 22. Montana Representative
- 23. Ex-Admiralty Lord
- 24. Scoreless Conductor
- 25. Witch Doctor in a White Tie

Clue C

- 1. Man from Mars
- 2. Tucker Songbird
- 3. Fugitive from Hitler
- 81-Year-Old Volunteer
 Ex-Presidential Candidate
- 6. Brooklyn Hero
- 7. My Day
- 8. American-born Duchess

- 9. Mrs. Dan Topping
- 10. Rasputin
- 11. Animal Director
- 12. Broadway Insider
- 13. Cane Twirler
- 14. Naval Conditioner
- 15. Paradise Dweller
- 16. Air Warden No. 1
- 17. Ex-W. P. A. Head
- 18. Bergen's Mouthpiece
- 19. Britain's Headline Prisoner
- 20. Septuagenarian
- 21. Midwest Publisher
- 22. Pioneer Suffragist
- 23. Blood, Sweat and Tears
- 24. Orchestral Idol
- 25. Jive Originator

Cine B

- 1. Mercury Player
- 2. Oh Johnny
- 3. Relativity

- 4. Ex-A. E. F. Commander
- 5. Brown Derby Glorifier
- 6. Baseball's Bad Boy
- 7. First Lady
- 8. The Woman I Love
- 9. Ice Pavlova
- 10. Wheel-Chair Movie Star
- 11. Mouse Glorifier
- 12. Orchid Donor
- 13. Is Everybody Happy?
- 14. Gentleman Pugilist
- 15. Veldt Oueen
- 16. Fiery Fiorello
- 17. Roosevelt's Man Friday
- 18. I'll Mow You Down
- 19. Ex-Number Three Nazi
- 20. San Simeon
- 21. Navy Chief
- 22. Congressional War Dissenter
- 23. Britain's War Leader
- 24. N. B. C. Concert Leader
- 25. Sister Blanche

Answers to "Posers for the Well-Versed"

- 1. Taft-draft
- 2. Tunney-funny
- 3. Keats-bleats
- 4. Thames-gems
- 5. Bierce-fierce
- 6. Caesar-appeaser
- 7. Andes-candies
- 8. Hannibal-cannibal
- 9. Crusoe-trousseau
- 10. Sioux-moo
- 11. Benton-lenten
- 12. Samson-Damson
- 13. Schiller-tiller
- 14. Siam-I am
- 15. Dime-rhyme
- 16. Cannes-fan
 - 17. Burr-cur

- 18. Birch-perch
- 19. Quartz-sports
- 20. Dnieper-reaper
- 21. Noah-boa
- 22. Horace-Morris
- 23. Antelope-canteloupe
- 24. Shilling-filling
- 24. Simming-mining
- 25. Apollo-swallow
- 26. Erie-teary
- 27. Bunyan-onion
- 28. Budge-fudge
- 29. Brinker-tinker
- 30. Babel-rabble
- 31. Horn-torn
- 32. Taurus-porous
- 33. Nietzsche-peachy

- 34. Hale-gale
- 35. Mars-stars
- 36. Dallas-callous
- 37. Ghosts-boasts
- 38. Herrick-derrick
- 39. Shiloh-silo
- 40. Dalmatian-salvation
- 41. Kipling-stripling
- 42. Hayes-maze
- 43. Ra-gray
- 44. Sunday-Monday
- 45. Willkie-silky
- 46. Standish-outlandish
- 47. Pitt-mitt
- 48. Cain-rain
- 49. Chamois-mammy
- 50. Yale-pale



Of special interest to an America at war—these fifty questions on her armed forces, now bravely fighting for freedom on land and sea and in the air

What's Your Army and Navy I. Q.?

United we are engaged, each in our own way, in concentrating our entire thoughts and actions in polishing off the rude aggressors of truth and freedom. Today we are not mere wishful thinkers who know what's wrong and hesitate doing anything about it. Today we are active participants who know exactly what's wrong and are resolved to correct it with all possible expediency.

Therefore daily our attention is rigidly and steadfastly fixed upon those who are directly responsible for the fulfillment of our future—our Army and Navy.

These questions deal with some of the on-the-surface facts that every American might or should know about his soldiers, sailors and marines.

Answers are on page 177.

- The title of Commander-in-Chief is at present held by
 - (a) General Ben Lear

- (b) Franklin D. Roosevelt
- (c) General George Marshall
- A cadet of West Point upon graduation receives the rank of
 - (a) first lieutenant
 - (b) second lieutenant
 - (c) captain
- 3. The marines are under the authority of the
 - (a) War Department
 - (b) Navy Department
 - (c) Treasury Department
- To signify his rank, the brigadier general has upon his epaulets
 - (a) one star
 - (b) two stars
 - (c) three stars
- Big guns, for instance the 16inchers, are classified as such by the measuring of
 - (a) the diameter of the barrel
 - (b) the circumference of the barrel
 - (c) the length of the shell
- 6. The first rank above captain in

the U.S. Army is

(a) major

(b) lieutenant-colonel

(c) first lieutenant

 The smallest group in the U. S. Army complete with practically all units or arms is a

(a) regiment

(b) division

(c) company

 A panzer division is almost completely made up of

(a) cavalry

(b) motorized troops

(c) artillery

9. United States battle cruisers are named after the

(a) states

(b) cities

(c) presidents

10. Experts claim the greatest discovery in modern warfare is the effectiveness of the

(a) dive bomber

(b) two-man submarine

(c) battleship

11. The next ranking officer below Admiral is

(a) captain

(b) vice-admiral

(c) rear-admiral

12. The Army barracks are the

(a) guardhouses

(b) living quarters

(c) parade grounds

13. The M. P. acts in the capacity of

(a) police

(b) sentry

(c) orderly

14. A regular Army corps is composed of

(a) medical regiments

(b) two machine-gun battalions

(c) two or more divisions

 Submarines, when submerged, see above the surface of the water through a

(a) stethoscope

(b) stereoscope

(c) periscope

 The school which is sometimes spoken of as the "West Point of the Air" is

(a) Kelly Field

(b) Langley Field

(c) Randolph Field

 When in camp, a soldier purchases his cigarettes from the

(a) cantonment

(b) canteen

(c) delicatessen

 If a soldier is suspected guilty of a major offense, he is brought before the

(a) local court

(b) State Appellate Court

(c) Board of Court Martial

The "first line" ships of the U.S. Navy are

(a) destroyers

(b) submarines

(c) battleships

The lowest commissioned officer in the Navy is

(a) petty officer

(b) ensign

(c) boatswain's mate

21. Soldiers are always ordered to breakstep

(a) before the reviewing stand

(b) when dismissed from rank

(c) crossing a bridge 22. Reveille is the call to

(a) retire

- (b) get up
- (c) drill
- 23. On shipboard, the time 12:30 is sounded by
 - (a) one bell
 - (b) two bells
 - (c) three bells
- 24. Destroyers, when combatting submerged submarines, use mainly
 - (a) depth bombs
 - (b) mines
 - (c) torpedoes
- 25. A U. S. Army battalion is commanded by a
 - (a) colonel
 - (b) brigadier general
 - (c) major
- 26. In the Army dictionary, furlough means
 - (a) honorable discharge
 - (b) leave of absence
 - (c) Army mile
- 27. A battery is a term used in
 - (a) cavalry
 - (b) artillery
 - (c) tank units
- 28. The Naval rank of captain is equal to the Army rank of
 - (a) captain
 - (b) colonel
 - (c) major
- 29. The officer who accompanies the general on official duties, assisting him when necessary is an
 - (a) adjutant
 - (b) aide-de-camp
 - (c) orderly
- 30. A corporal has upon his arm to 38. A ship that is equal to anything signify his rank
 - (a) one stripe
 - (b) two stripes

- (c) three stripes
- 31. U.S. Destroyers are named after
 - (a) famous battles
 - (b) states
 - (c) noted Americans
- 32. Soldiers are told which uniform to wear every day by the
 - (a) officer of the day
 - (b) top sergeant
 - (c) company commander
- 33. The word that most closely describes the quartermaster's duty is one of the following
 - (a) bridges
 - (b) signals
 - (c) supply
- 34. The U.S. Coast Guard, until last year, was affiliated with the
 - (a) Navy Department
 - (b) Treasury Department
 - (c) Labor Department
- 35. The highest United States award of valor a soldier can obtain is
 - (a) Victoria Cross
 - (b) The Congressional Medal of Honor
 - (c) The Distinguished Service
- 36. A sailor or soldier obtaining a commission receives it from
 - (a) his superior officer
 - (b) his senator
 - (r) the U.S. Government
- 37. The Army school attended only by officers is
 - (a) Annapolis
 - (b) Army War College
 - (c) West Point
 - on the water but a heavy battleship, and yet noted for speed and fighting power is a

- (a) submarine
- (b) destroyer
- (c) cruiser
- 39. The mess sergeant's duties are to
 - (a) supervise laundering
 - (b) drill
 - (c) cook
- 40. A "barrage" is a creation of the
 - (a) infantry
 - (b) engineers
 - (c) artillery
- 41. The general's staff has as its chief purpose to
 - (a) guard the general
 - (b) advise the general
 - (c) run errands
- 42. The adjutant usually
 - (a) handles the records
 - (b) wakes the bugler
 - (c) commands a regiment
- 43. A "non-com" is a corporal or a
 - (a) private
 - (b) sergeant
 - (c) second lieutenant
- 44. During a battle, the captain of a ship directs the action from the
 - (a) bridge
 - (b) crow's nest
 - (c) deck
- 45. The flagship of the fleet

- (a) carries the flag
- (b) houses the fleet commander
- (c) is the largest ship
- 46. Quantico, Virginia, is the famed encampment of the
 - (a) Army
 - (b) Air Corps
 - (c) Marines
- The war that the U.S. Navy could claim as entirely their victory was
 - (a) War of 1812
 - (b) World War I
 - (c) Mexican War
- 48. Pensacola, Florida, is noted as the training school for the
 - (a) Coast guard
 - (b) Air-Raid Defense
 - (c) Naval Air Corps
- The ship that outdated the old wooden battleships was the
 - (a) Monitor
 - (b) Constitution
 - (c) North Carolina
- 50. The man who wasn't a four-star wearer (general) of the U.S. Army was
 - (a) Pershing
 - (b) Washington
 - (c) Grant

Answers to "Whom Do You Know?"

- Orson Welles
 Bonnie Baker
- 3. Albert Einstein
- 4. General Pershing
- 5. Al Smith
- 6. Leo Durocher
- 7. Eleanor Roosevelt
- 8. Duchess of Windsor

- 9. Sonja Henie
- 10. Lionel Barrymore
- Walt Disney
 Walter Winchell
- 13. Ted Lewis
- 14. Gene Tunney
- Osa Johnson
 Mayor LaGuardia
- 17. Harry Hopkins

- 18. Charlie McCarthy
- 19. Rudolph Hess
- 20. Wm. Randolph Hearst
- 21. Colonel Frank Knox
- 22. Jeanette Rankin
- 23. Winston Churchill
- 24. Arturo Toscanini
- 25. Cab Calloway

Answers to "News in the Making"

1. (b)	8. (b)	15. (c)	22. (a)	30. (a)	37. (c)	44. (c)
2. (c)	9. (a)	16. (a)	23. (b)	31. (c)	38. (c)	45. (c)
3. (c)	10. (c)	17. (c)	24. (c)	32. (a)	39. (c)	46. (b)
4. (b)	11. (b)	18. (b)	25. (c) 26. (c)	33. (b)	40. (a)	47. (6)
5. (b)	12. (c)	19. (b)	27. (c)	34. (a)	41. (b)	48. (c)
6. (b)	13. (b)	20. (c)		35. (c)	42. (b)	49. (a)
7. (a)	14. (b)	21. (c)	28. (b) 29. (c)	36. (c)	43. (a)	50. (c)

Answers to "What's Your Army and Navy I. Q.?"

1. 6	8. b	15. c	22. b	30. b	37. b	44. a
2. b	9. 6	16. c	23. a	31. €	38. €	45. 6
3. b	10. a	17. b	24. a	32. a	39. €	₹ 46. €
4. a	11. b	18. c	25. c 26. b	33. c	40. c	47. a
5. a	12. 6	19. c	27. b	34. b	41. 8	48. 6
6. a	13. a	20. b	28. b	35. b	42. a	49. a
7: 6	14. €	21. c	29. 6	36. €	43. b	50. 6

Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

Censors with a Smile

Censorship came to the United States last January 15th. But not like any censorship you've ever heard

about. For one thing, it came in the form of a cordial, well composed memorandum. And for another, the entire word family of "must," "demand," etc. was notably absent from the four polite pages.

Besides, it sprang more from the repeated requests of anxious editors than from any desire of our administration to curb what may be read. Coronet, at least, was tickled pink to receive a copy. For us, it solved many questions of "Shall we print this?"—questions which previously we had settled painlessly by omission, just to be on the safe side. Now we know.

But, as the direct mail circular would say, don't take our word for it —see for yourself. We quote: "A maximum of accomplishment will be attained if editors will ask themselves with respect to any given detail, 'Is this information I would like to have if I were the enemy?" and then act accordingly.

"The result of such a process will hardly represent 'business as usual.' But it will not mean an editorial blackout. It is the hope and expectation of the Office of Censorship that the columns of American publications will remain the freest in the world, and will tell the story of our national successes and shortcomings accurately and in much detail."

Then follows a rather complete list of types of information which might aid the enemy. And that is all—not a single "or else" clause!

Needless to say, Coronet is proud to follow these important suggestions to the letter—and proud of our prememorandum record of self-censorship within their then unwritten limits.

The Coronel Dividend Coupon

Clip and Mail thi	e Coupon)	MA	L.			
5		S	R			2
	READER	DIVIDEND	COUPON	No.	15	

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I may receive the gatefold, Winning Tack, as my free April reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain, either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

Th.	e American Sporting Scene (enclose 10c)
☐ Wi	nning Tack: Painting by Montague Dawson (no charge)
Da Da	ughter of Ceres: Color Photograph by Martin Munkacsi (enclose 10c)
Name	(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)
Address	
City	
Notes R	eprints may be ordered only on this coupon-valid to April 25, 1942

The Coronet Workshop

RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #17

You lined them up, surveyed the field and picked December as Coronet's Outstanding Cover for 1941.

But what the editors found most interesting was that every single cover during 1941 was in the running! This is how the issues stacked up:

January			÷			è		*	×	*	*				ĸ		
Februar	y									0				0			
March.				۰	0						۰	٠	٠			٥	
April						0							·			0	
May				0						0		0					
June								0		0	0						
July		0	0	0			0			0	0						
August.																	

October							*	*		.12%
November										. 6%
December			0	4	0	0	0		0	.20%

Four per cent could make no choice.

Some of you frankly said that you disapproved of the new cover at first, but that now you'd changed your minds. On the other hand, many said that, attracted by the covers, they bought Coronet for the first time in 1941.

Finally, you have told us that the cover has become, more and more, an invitation to look inside.

We cannot ask for more than that.

WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #17

For the best letters on Project No. 17, first prize has been awarded to Roy Pascal, Jamaica, Long Island; second prize goes to Mrs. Floyd Appleton, Jamaica, Long Island; and third prize to Adrian L. Estey, New York City.

Project #21

WAR SUBJECTS IN ARTICLES AND STORIES

When you pick up your copy of Coronet, is it to get away from thoughts of the war? Or do you feel that it is impossible to steer clear of a subject that these days is absorbing most of our time and thought? Perhaps you want even more articles with a war slant—informative pieces that begin where your radio and newspaper leave off. Tell us if Coronet should:

- a. Extensively carry articles and stories with a war slant.
- b. Hold to the same proportion as in recent issues.
- e. Keep articles and stories on the war to a minimum.

Best letters may win \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize or \$5 third prize. All letters should be addressed to Coronet Workshop, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois, and postmarked no later than April 25th.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue. Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Elleen Wilson (p. 26)



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (p. 104)



John Kleran (p. 18)



Richard Sale (p. 10)

Between These Covers

possibly less indulgent to expectant mothers than most. Not until six weeks before her son was born did anyone but hubby know... Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was President Roosevelt's first publicity chief. FDR says he has known Neil longer than Neil has known him: he was present at the christening... John Kieran is never more amazing than when explaining nature lore, unless it is when reminiscing over sports as in Braton, Sweet and Glory... Richard Sale is a fourth generation New Yorker whose hobby is model railroading.





CORONT

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Halled as the South American Life with Father:

YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS by T. R. Ybarra
A look-of-the-Month Club Selection Condensed as a Coronet Bookette

CORONET

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